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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

JUN 3 1957

Vol. LIII. No. 1366 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1957 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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A Charter for Old Age

The release to the world of the Labour Party's national superannuation scheme—three days earlier than had been planned and in a flurry of leaks and broken embargoes—is a prize example of ineptitude by the press department at Transport House. Nevertheless the muddle which complicated the birth of the scheme has a significance all its own. A Labour Party policy document has been treated by politicians and the press alike as the hottest political news since Lord Salisbury's resignation. However varied its reception, nobody has ignored it; and Mr. Macmillan rates its importance so high that he convened his famous "stag party" at Chequers last weekend largely for the purpose of impressing on the country that his party too could produce a pensions scheme.

Public interest in the Labour scheme, however, should not lead its sponsors to suppose that it will be given a clear run. Putting together the early press comments and the news which was allowed to leak from Chequers, one concludes that Mr. Crossman and his committee will face two main obstacles before their scheme comes to fruition. The first will be a carefully calculated attempt to discredit it by distortion. It is important to remember that what has been propounded this week is a statement of principles only. There are very many details which are not—and cannot yet—be filled in: the exact level of contributions and of benefits for entrants to the new scheme and the degree of compulsion which may, in the end, accompany it, are obvious examples. It is at these points that interested parties (both political and commercial) will no doubt attempt to scare the uninstructed voter with portentous, though groundless, warnings of inflation and coercion.

From a strictly party point of view a more dangerous hazard is perhaps the kiss of death. "We hope that in the debate which is bound to develop . . . party feelings and party considerations may be kept to a minimum. The problem of old age is not a party matter . . ." said the *Daily Telegraph* last Tuesday. In other words: "We think the Socialists are on to a good idea and we are going to pinch enough of it to prevent them getting the credit." Let us assume (as Mr. Macmillan clearly does) that, within a year, the government comes forward with proposals to enact its own national superannuation scheme during the life-time of this parliament. We shall be delighted—and so will all Socialists, and so should the *Daily Telegraph*—if the Labour plan is stolen in its entirety. But we shall also be surprised. What we expect is an inferior scheme, designed to look as much like the Labour plan as possible, while safeguarding the existing interests of private employers and insurance companies.

The moral for the Labour Party, and for all who wish its plan well, is obvious. It must accept with eagerness the challenge of public controversy. The authors of the new scheme consider, we believe justly, that the essential features of any adequate plan must be these:

(1) It must be all embracing: everybody must be in either the national scheme or an approved private scheme.

(2) Pension rights, which are, after all, deferred wages, must be fully transferable.

(3) Justice must be done to existing pensioners. Hence the Labour Party's unequivocal pledge of a £3 basic pension for existing pensioners in the new scheme; and this £3 is to be guaranteed against the erosion of inflation.

(4) New pensioners must share in the rising standard of living of the community.

(5) The burden of contributions must be shared in some such proportion as the Labour plan suggests.

(6) The trustees of the pension fund must be allowed to invest in equities as well as gilt-edged.

So long as the debate is concentrated on these essentials, the public will gradually grasp the reality and magnitude of the plan it is now being offered. The Labour Party has committed itself to the proposition that the collapse of accustomed living standards in old age is as much the social curse of the Fifties as unemployment was of the Twenties and Thirties, and that it can and will be overcome by national planning as surely as unemployment has been. Once the public understands the significance of this, no combination of financiers, industrialists, insurance men, or their spokesmen in parliament, will succeed in selling it an inferior article.

Comments on the Week's News

Middle Eastern Kings, Inc.

The broadcast by Jordan Radio of details of the alleged plot to overthrow the royal houses in Iraq, Jordan, Saudi Arabia and Libya, was neatly timed to coincide with the arrival of King Saud in Baghdad. How much truth there is in this story it is impossible to say, but King Feisal is probably right in his assumption that the left-wing nationalist movements of the "Fertile Crescent" area will ultimately present as great a threat to King Saud's throne as they now do to his own. The Hashemite regime in Iraq has long been aware of the danger, and has taken precautions by suppressing nationalist political parties, while King Idris also has signified his uneasiness by expelling the Egyptian military attaché. Whether King Saud is prepared to accept Hussein's thesis and break completely with Cairo and Damascus remains to be seen, but he has certainly travelled a long way in this direction since the crisis last November. So far as is known, Saudi funds are no longer available for Egyptian subversion in the Hashemite kingdoms, and there are reports that Egyptian teachers, lawyers and technicians no longer find it so easy to enter Arabia. In the past, the old Hashemite-Saudi dynastic feud was a formidable obstacle to any co-operation between Arabia on the one hand, and Iraq and Jordan on the other. But in recent months, America has made strenuous efforts to bury the feud. When Saud visited Washington recently, the State Department arranged a reconciliation scene between him and Feisal's uncle, Prince Abdul Illah; and Saud's meeting with Feisal in Baghdad may well consummate the healing of the breach. This can, and doubtless will, be represented as a further triumph for America's new Middle Eastern policy; but it is a triumph fraught with risks. For American policy to be based on a Saudi-Iraq axis —which, it must be admitted, has some logic in terms of oil economics—is merely to emphasise the dependence of these reactionary and authoritarian regimes on western support, and in consequence to drive the popular nationalist forces further into the Soviet camp. The two crucial errors of British Middle Eastern policy were to allow ourselves to be identified with the *status quo* in a society in revolution; and to attempt to rule the area by dividing it. The speed and determination with which America is duplicating these mistakes must come as a surprise even to the most pessimistic critics of the Eisenhower doctrine.

Without Strings

After sharp internal differences the unions forming the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions decided to give their negotiators a free hand in the resumed discussions with the employers. The A.E.U., by far the biggest constituent of the Confederation, thus failed to get its policy of negotiating on the basis of the 6½ per cent. advance "with strings" accepted by the other unions. The Confederation executive, by a narrow majority, recommended the union executives to vote for resumed negotiations untied to any particular formula. And Mr. Brotherton, the Confederation's president, pointed out that neither party was committed to accept the proposals put forward by Professor Jack's Courts of Inquiry. Accordingly, the two sides will now meet to resume discussion where they left off; and no one can say what will happen until the employers' attitude is made known. Meanwhile the Ford Company, which does not belong to the Employers' Confederation but conducts separate negotiations with the unions, has reached agreement with them for advances ranging from 4½ to 6¼ per cent., or rather less than the Courts' recommendation of 5 per cent. without and 6½ per cent. with "strings." Under the Ford settlement, which includes the Briggs factory, the skilled workers get the highest, and the unskilled the lowest, advances. The National Union of Mineworkers conference has also agreed, by a majority, to recommend acceptance of an advance of 5 per cent. for its workers, and therewith a year's continuance of the voluntary Saturday shift; but these terms have still to be ratified by a ballot vote. They probably will be—in the face of a big minority vote. If the engineering and shipbuilding employers now behave sensibly, there seems to be a reasonable chance of a settlement; but the shipbuilding workers, at any rate, appear to be firmly set against accepting any conditions attached to a wage increase, and the A.E.U.'s notion of using a period of wage standstill as the occasion for pressing for the 40-hour week may have suffered a setback.

Wrong Committee, Wrong Task

It is perhaps no coincidence that the government gave in to Sir Robert Boothby's demand for another committee of inquiry into the working of the monetary system at the same time as the engineers were winning their wage battle. The continuation of cost inflation in the midst of relatively stagnant production and dear money signifies the final discrediting of the hallowed Treasury doctrine that monetary controls work flexibly. Their effect in recent years has been to slow down our expansion without helping us to restore our competitive position in the face of increasing U.S. and German investment. However, we have little hope that the Radcliffe committee will proclaim this truth. Indeed the appointment of a committee dedicated to the mysteries of money and banking is calculated to undermine the likely measures of a future Labour government by focusing attention on the wrong problem and thus discrediting in advance the actions which a Labour Chancellor will find necessary. Moreover, the personnel of the new committee is from a Labour point of view entirely unsatisfactory. Apart from the two representatives of the T.U.C., the committee is solidly representative of the establishment. At least five of its eight members have been permanent or temporary members of the Civil Service or are nominees of the Bank of England. There are no Bevins or Keyneses or McKennas here. The composition of the committee suggests that it is intended less to serve a constructive purpose than to whitewash policies which have caused our accelerating weakness in world markets.

Self-help in the Colonies

The new agreement concluded between the Jamaican government and the American and Canadian companies which mine and export Jamaican bauxite, is of great practical importance for the future of the colony and raises important issues in the relations between under-developed ex-colonial territories and international business combines. In the field of scarce raw materials, big business often possesses a quasi-monopoly of technical information on real market prices and cost of extraction; and backward countries, lacking expert advice, tend to allow themselves to be drawn into agreements which are financially disadvantageous. This was the case with the old Jamaican bauxite agreement, concluded by Sir Alexander Bustamente on behalf of the colony, which gave Jamaica a royalty of only 1s. per ton of bauxite exported. This was based on the assumption that the U.S. companies made a profit of 60 cents per ton. Fortunately, the agreement provided for revision at the end of a five-year period. Colonial Office experts, who investigated the situation in 1953, pointed out that the present agreement was inequitable, but merely suggested that royalties should be raised to 2s. a ton. On assuming office, Mr. Norman Manley carried out a further investigation, and after much difficulty secured the services of an American government economist who had investigated the U.S. aluminium monopoly. He found that the current rate of profit must be assessed at the rate of $3.85 a ton. As a result, the new agreement increases the tax to $1.54, a rise of 650 per cent., and Jamaica's revenue from the companies, which ran at £352,000 in 1956-7, will rise to £4m. in 1958-9 and to £9m. by 1961. The significant point is that Jamaica secured this valuable revision by her own unaided efforts and without any help from the Colonial Office. Unfortunately Mr. Manley's offer to place his experience and advice at the disposal of the government of British Guiana, which has a somewhat similar problem, but which has no independent government to look after its interests, has been turned down by the Colonial Office.

A White Racial Alliance?

There is a link—and only slightly camouflaged —between Mr. Strydom's reference to Non-European membership of the Commonwealth and the announcement of his Minister of Defence on progress for a Pan-African defensive alliance. In referring to the Non-European colonies, like Malaya, the West Indies, Nigeria and Uganda, which will shortly be applying for Commonwealth membership, the South African Prime Minister told his House of Assembly "the danger is that these countries may easily become the prey of Communism once they are free from British ties and control." At the same time Mr. Erasmus has reopened discussions with other African states, and with European powers which have African colonies, to pursue the South African plan for a regional defensive agreement, linked to Nato, for territories south of the Sahara. South Africans have been making efforts along these lines for some years. Previously they have broken down because the Union refuses to consider the use of Africans in the armed forces, whereas the other territories realise that only by their use can any coherent defence be organised. The dangers inherent in this policy are apparent. The South African conception of Communism is vastly different from that of any other state. The object of the South African government is clearly to have available armed forces to protect European domination wherever it is threatened by African nationalism, and particularly in the Union and its neighbours. Only a few years ago the Union government made use of the services of Sir Percy Sillitoe to develop its security measures against what it conceives to be Communism. This is another, longer, and more significant step in the same direction.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Ghosts from the Past

This has been quite a month for figures out of the American past—specifically for the best known, if not the most admired, member of the United States Senate; for an enigmatic official of the State Department not long out of prison; and for six women of Salem who were hanged for witchcraft in 1692. None of them, it is safe to say, would have made the history books had they lived in a rational period, and the comparative calm that marks their return to the news indicates that the fevers of our own day are abating.

Had the Hon. Joseph R. McCarthy died three short years ago, his antagonists would have regarded the event as a kind of divine Emancipation Proclamation, and his supporters, as a calamity unequalled since the sack of Rome. As it is, the reaction has been for the most part subdued and marked by a discreet consigning of judgments on the man to the workings of history. Aside from the extravagant eulogies of funeral orators, his champions paid no more than the expected tributes. Among the leading organs of the Red Hunt, the New York *Daily News* mourned him as "a complete patriot . . . absolutely top-drawer"; the Chicago *Tribune* solemnly declared him the "target of the greatest organised smear campaign of our day"; and Hearst's New York *Journal-American* recorded that the "forces of freedom in the United States have lost a fierce and valiant warrior." But it all seemed to be for the record, with no more ring to the prose than you can find in a message on the budget.

Senator George W. Malone of Nevada proposed that the official censure of McCarthy be expunged from the permanent record of the Senate, but the Nevadan's influence in that body may be gauged from its vote, only a month ago, on the promotion of General Ralph Zwicker, one of McCarthy's prime targets in his row with the army. The promotion went through, 70 votes to two, only McCarthy and Malone dissenting.

On the other hand, the voices that had denounced McCarthy in his lifetime were now mild and philosophical, as though he had long since ceased to matter in a political way. Joseph N. Welch, the gentle and somewhat elfin lawyer who turned the tide against him in one passionate outburst, recalled "some pleasant moments with him" and decided that "only time can decide what is his place in history." Even Dean Acheson, who suffered acutely from his abuse, offered nothing stronger than that classic of indirection, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

To an even lesser degree has the publication of Alger Hiss's long-expected book, *In the Court of Public Opinion*, roused the passions of a country that so short a time ago worked itself into a lather over the author's celebrated trials. Almost every reviewer of the book inevitably described it as a "lawyer's brief" and felt disappointment at the narrowness of its scope. Those who had believed in his innocence without ever being able to explain their faith had looked forward to the "real" story, in which Hiss, unbound by the rules of evidence and free at last to tell all, would prove his innocence out of the very context of his life and emerge as a noble martyr. Those who thought him guilty half expected that at long last he would "confess" and confirm their judgment.

Since he chose, rather, to rehash the old evidence, point by point, the consensus seems to be that he will change few minds. "Most of the chinks which Mr. Hiss says he finds in the government's case are exceedingly narrow," runs the review in the sober and enlightened *Christian Science Monitor*. Others feel that he has amply demonstrated the unfairness of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, no startling feat, and, in part, of Judge Goddard who presided at the second trial; that he has punched holes in some of the government's case—"a flaw here, a discrepancy there"—and that he has presented an interesting account of how his lawyers, after his conviction, fabricated a machine that might indicate at least the possibility of forgery-by-typewriter. But for reasons both technical and logical, none of the commentators I have read, including Max Lerner in the New York *Post*, find this particular theory anything but "tortured" or, at best, the sheerest speculation.

While the book has so far failed to spur the conscience of a Zola, it is quite possible that readers who have forgotten the trials or come of age since then will be impressed by Hiss's skilful marshalling of the evidence. Offering its bit to counteract such a development, the *Journal-American* advises its readers that if they must buy the volume, they should get it through a particular book club that offers a free copy of Whittaker Chambers' autobiography—given the paper's point of view, a risky suggestion, it seems to me. Chambers himself, by the way, dismisses the Hiss opus with the top-lofty air of a man above the battle. "We read books to reach an aspect of the truth," he replied to an inquiry. "Therefore, I see no reason why I should read this one."

It is the women of Salem, however, who fare best of all in this return of celebrities to the limelight. By act of the Senate of Massachusetts, their conviction for witchcraft has been reversed, though not without some difficulty. At first the measure was rejected on the ground that since Salem was British at the time, it was up to parliament to right the ancient wrong, but the canny New Englanders were won over by an amendment banning payment of damages to the ladies' descendants. All in all, there is no doubt that the air is gradually clearing.

ROBERT BENDINER

Bonn

After the Visit

A Correspondent writes: Mr. Macmillan's visit to Bonn undoubtedly helped him to get better acquainted with Chancellor Adenauer, and to discuss freely those problems which *do* separate Britain and the Federal Republic, however much some people try to ignore them. The British Premier's charm may also have dispelled some of the strong suspicions about his country's intentions which still prevail among very influential officials of the German Foreign Office. But that he had nothing tangible to show on his return to London is generally agreed here. The British reappraisal of its forces—on the basis of the White Paper—is as strongly opposed as before the visit. Most people are sceptical about the statement that the reduction in British troops stationed in West Germany will be so carried out as to avoid any serious gap in its defences. Many things will happen before the next British military cuts come up for consideration in Nato and the WEU, but if a decision had to be taken tomorrow, German opposition would still be very strong.

Suspicions about British intentions in the political field still remain. Perhaps some of the leading pro-Europeans among the politicians are not quite so afraid that Britain will try to torpedo the treaties on the Common Market. For Adenauer made it clear that any serious talks about the Free Trade Area must wait until those treaties have been ratified by the six parliaments concerned. (He still remembers his experience with EDC a few years ago.) Most Germans see Britain still trying to lead the Continent but simultaneously standing aloof from it.

The Macmillan visit has been but an interlude in the series of Soviet moves on disarmament as far as the Germans are concerned. They are sceptical about the outcome of the London talks but fervently hope they are mistaken. It was in such an atmosphere that the debate on the future arming of the *Bundeswehr* took place. The government then made it clear that they would ask for atomic weapons for German troops and accept the stationing of such weapons on German territory for allied troops, if there is no agreement on disarmament. But if there should be, the government is prepared to change its policy. In fact, it could not do otherwise in view of the strong popular opposition to atomic weapons. (A recent public opinion poll showed that 56 per cent. were opposed to them, and only 33 per cent. in favour.) To the average German the very word "atom" is just an abbreviation of atom bomb. It still recalls destruction—ruined homes, factories and cities—and the years of hard work which have gone to rebuilding what was destroyed in a few minutes. If it should come to a question of a removal of this fear—through disarmament—at the expense of a postponement of reunification, the vast majority would accept such an offer. They would also probably be prepared to accept some form of neutralisation of both German states, under proper guarantees, in order to be able to continue their present economic prosperity in security. All this is said despite the fact that as these lines are being written, some consternation is being shown at the reports from Washington that the United States may yet make some compromise agreement with the Soviet Union over disarmament which will exclude the satisfaction of German hopes. Gradually—very gradually—it is beginning to dawn upon many people here that, after all, reunification is not the only outstanding problem between east and west, that the Near and Middle East are today in the centre of the international picture, and that it would be nothing new if urgent issues were settled at the expense of others which can be left until later.

Saigon

"Peaceful Competition"

A Correspondent in Saigon writes: Vietnam is a conveniently situated vantage point from which to observe the comparative efficacy of American and Communist aid to their respective protégés. Communist North Vietnam is receiving about £145 million of Chinese and Soviet aid, spread over a five-year period. American aid to South Vietnam is running at the rate of about £90 million a year. Thus the South is receiving about three times as much aid as the North. Almost the whole of the aid to North Vietnam is given in the form of capital goods—factories, heavy or light industrial equipment, technicians, skilled labour and technical know-how—allocated directly to the North Vietnam government. The American aid programme in the South is more complicated. Part of the aid is given directly in

dollars, but, as this is inflationary for a weak economy, the greater part is given under the "counterpart fund" system. The U.S. treasury pays for the majority of South Vietnam's imports; the South Vietnamese importer, instead of settling with the foreign firm which sells him the goods (as this is done by Washington), pays the equivalent of their price (i.e., the "counterpart") into a special fund called the counterpart fund, held by the National Bank of Vietnam.

At present $170 million of the annual counterpart of $255 million is being used in South Vietnam to meet the pay and allowances of the 150,000 strong army; the other $85 million or so goes on education, sanitation, roadbuilding, agricultural improvement and other projects. The programme has been strongly criticised on the grounds that too high a proportion of it goes to military, and not enough of it to economic, expenditure. A more fundamental criticism is that the counterpart system can never, by its nature, develop an "undeveloped" country.

This argument makes one debatable assumption, that development means industrialisation. Many American economists and aid administrators believe that industrialisation is misplaced in "agricultural" countries such as South Vietnam, and that a programme aimed at diversifying agricultural crops and providing "a sewing machine in every home" is a more sensible approach. The trouble is (to move for a moment from the economic to the political sphere) that emotional nationalists do not consider sewing machines as industry.

The recent U.N. report on South Vietnam made recommendations for the development of a large number of industries in this country. But for these recommendations to be carried out foreign capital and technical know-how are needed. The South Vietnam government has now announced preferential treatment for foreign capital. But it will take time to attract investors. Meanwhile, the only source of funds is the American aid programme. But it is precisely in the field of industrial development that the counterpart system is virtually powerless. Its dual purpose is to prevent inflation and preserve free enterprise. Importing firms in South Vietnam buy only what they can sell. A merchant will import cloth because he knows that people wear clothes; he will import sugar and milk because he knows the people consume them; he will even import cars and radio sets in limited numbers. But he will never import industrial machinery, because who, in a nation of peasants, small traders and civil servants, is going to buy industrial machinery? Hence the American aid programme to South Vietnam is hamstrung by its ideology. The free enterprise system is unsuitable for the quick development of Asian nations in competition with Communist countries. It is significant that not a single factory has been set up in South Vietnam during the three years since the end of the Indo-China War, and existing factories, such as sugar refineries, have never been re-started. In North Vietnam the most bitter enemies of Marxism cannot deny that the Vietminh have new factories and have got working (and are re-equipping) those they took over from the French. North Vietnam is developing at a much faster speed than the South, with only one-third the amount of foreign aid.

"One fine day we'll notice a thread of smoke arising on the sea . . ."
—MADAM BUTTERFLY

Rome

Guide-State and Power Politics

Bruce Renton writes from Rome: Novelist Alberto Moravia's magazine *Nuovi Argomenti* recently put some burning questions to Italian left-wing intellectuals. They were really variations on a theme: did they think the U.S.S.R. reconciled its function as "guide-state" with the necessities of its power politics, or did they think the two things were in contradiction? Moravia himself maintained that, in the U.S.S.R., where ideological and state power were identical, it was impossible to have an "innocent" power policy and an "innocent" ideological policy. Although contradictions between Asian Communism and the Soviet Union's function of guide-state had perhaps not yet become evident, these contradictions were already incurable in the European sphere. Moravia thus reached the conclusion that "Communism was the revolution of the Asian countries which had never had a liberal bourgeoisie and had not been through the industrial revolution."

One of Italy's leading Socialists, Lelio Basso, pointed out the absurdity of taking Soviet experience as a model to be followed by other proletariats. It was folly to exalt and accept all that was Soviet Russian. But this did not mean that the U.S.S.R. could not legitimately exercise a function of leadership in the international workers' movement—in the same way that the Labour Party was today doing in the field of western social-democracy. One of the most interesting replies came from a Communist professor at Rome University, Ernesto De Martino (Professor of Ethnology), and is indicative of the way the revisionist trend of the Italian C.P. is thinking. De Martino pointed out that the "internal limits of Russian history could not constitute a model in all the area which had been the cradle of bourgeois civilisation." Although the non-Communist workers' parties had ended up as a reformist or radical wing of the bourgeois political array, thus losing their Socialist soul, the risk of the Communist parties was that of trying to carry on "War Communism" beyond its allotted historical span, its geographical area and the cultural surroundings in which it had carried out its function.

Westminster

Unendurable?

The red leather benches, usually so bare, were completely hidden by sober suitings. One remembered the rationing days when the bait of supplementary coupons for attenders brought old men from the chimney corner and comparative children from play to their seats in the House of Lords. Looking at Tuesday's gathering a cynic said: "Ha! Petrol again I see." But, in a sense, he was wrong.

Lord Mills' short announcement of the end of petrol rationing was received without surprise. Their lordships waited, expectantly, for something else. When Lord Home repeated to them the statement which the Prime Minister had already made to the Commons on Suez, every noble eye was fixed, not on him, but on the face of a man below the gangway.

It was not a particularly striking face. Usually it is not a particularly expressive face. But it belongs to Lord Salisbury; and Lord Salisbury was making his first appearance in the House since his resignation. Further, Lord Salisbury was making his face "work," for all the world like a mere commoner who intends to create, or

a subsidiary actor who intends to steal, a scene. Something was in the wind and their lordships cupped their ears to catch it when it came.

What did come, though mild in tone, was explosive. Many people, said Salisbury, would hear the statement with regret. It was too near capitulation to be palatable "or, I almost said, endurable." Later in the day he put down the mildest of motions—"to call attention to the statement . . . and to move for papers." But the menace behind the mildness was unmistakable.

"*Or, I almost said, endurable.*" Lord Salisbury had been a passionate supporter of Eden's intervention in Suez. But it was Cyprus and the release of Archbishop Makarios, and not the eventual Suez climb-down, which provoked his resignation. He must have known for weeks that a further climb-down over the Canal was now inevitable. Yet here he was, deliberately making this announcement the occasion for his return to the House, visibly making a demonstration while the announcement was being made, forcing a debate for which even the official opposition had not called and slowly, deliberately letting fall that loaded phrase.

Up till that moment no one had taken the Tory revolt seriously. Lord Hinchinbrooke, stiffly erect as though his neck were encased in plaster, quick to white-faced anger and equally quick to gentle kindliness—he was a considerable, though somewhat eccentric, political figure. So, too, was the quiet, unsmiling and able Mr. Angus Maude. But their six colleagues who had rejected the whip with them had little to commend them politically except their courage. Many others on the rebellious fringe had not even that. But Salisbury is a national figure with tremendous prestige both in the Lords and in the country or, rather, in the country houses. If now he was to be not merely in revolt but in active revolt, if he was really finding government policy unendurable, the jolly smile on the face of Mr. Ted Heath, the government Chief Whip, would become somewhat strained, and Mr. Harold Macmillan himself would have to cease his prancings and get down to careful thought.

These two know, as everyone else knows, that a good deal of inflammable material has been accumulating over the years wherever two or three Tories are gathered together. The collection began after the war when the Labour government began to "give away the Empire." But in those days it was enough to shout "scuttle" at the Socialists and to thank God that it would be all right when Winston got back. But when Winston did get back, and in due course scuttled out of Egypt, it was a serious shock. It was only Winston's assurance that Suez was no use for our purposes and that we should do much better in Cyprus which kept blood pressures below danger point and confined the revolt to dark mutterings about this being the last time. When Eden drove into the Canal and Sir Robert Boothby, gratefully but unfortunately, thanked God that at last we were done with Munichs, the cheers which greeted him showed how fully he reflected the relief of a considerable section of the Tory party. But then came the withdrawal from Egypt, the release of Makarios and now the climb down over the Canal.

From now on any Conservative member who retains a trace of liberal beliefs or who, indeed, holds back the slightest degree from a tough, right-wing foreign policy, may find life made impossible for him by the military minds which direct his constituency organisation; and under the pressure both of his local officials and of the instincts which in the mildest of Conservatives are only just below the surface, many Conservatives, who have lacked the courage to revolt and a leader to revolt under, may now find revolt the easier, the road more comfortable, with Salisbury in the lead.

This does not mean that the government was expected to fall after Thursday's division. No one expected the abstentions there to be considerable. But it did mean that because so many Tories, in and out of parliament, were saying that they could not go on like this, that the accumulated exasperations of recent years were becoming unendurable there was, for the first time in more than a century, the possibility of a Conservative split comparable to the Peel-Disraeli split of long ago. Of course, the government may harden its line just sufficiently to appease its right wing and so hold the party together. But in the present mood of the majority that stiffening will have to be marked if it is to be effective with the right—and that might provoke revolts among what remains of the moderates. Mr. Macmillan clearly recognised the delicacy of the situation when, in this week's two-day debate, he chose both to open and close the government's case himself instead of risking one or other of these jobs to the shaky hands of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. His opening speech, however, was such a mixture of irrelevance and airy pirouetting that he was heard for the most part in bemused silence by his supporters and, at times, in almost hysterical derision by the opposition. "Send for the P.M.," shouted a Labour member as Macmillan fumbled through his peroration. It is a cry which may be raised again, not only by the opposition, if Macmillan continues to bury himself—and tries to bury his party—in bromides and platitudes.

Lord Goddard's Fiat

FEW people have yet realised the significance of Lord Goddard's fiat that anyone selling a foreign newspaper "containing improper comment on pending proceedings" is guilty of criminal contempt of court even though he knows nothing of what the paper contained. If this has, in fact, always been the legal position, the long indulgence of the authorities has allowed some very large enterprises, including an appreciable part of the business of W. H. Smith & Son, to be built up on a perilously shaky foundation. Now that W. H. Smith and the Rolls House Publishing Company have each been fined £50 for selling copies of *Newsweek* that might have prejudiced the trial of Dr. Bodkin Adams, where is the process to stop? Lord Goddard said that this was a "lenient" sentence, and that "similar leniency might not be extended" next time. Since there is no appeal in cases of contempt and no legal limit to the fines or gaol sentence that a judge can inflict, no one should be surprised if distributors refuse to handle foreign newspapers which might put them in jeopardy. The freedom of the press and the free dissemination of news are clearly threatened.

It is no surprise to us, therefore, to learn that Smith's have sent a circular letter to importers from whom they draw their supplies, asking them to say how far the proprietors of foreign papers they handle will conform to three conditions:

(1) Would they name an editor with an address in this country who would be responsible in this country for what appeared in his paper?

(2) Would proprietors indemnify them in future cases?

(3) Could they give an undertaking that every such publication had been read by a responsible person and considered legally safe?

These questions are posed in an atmosphere in which, to say nothing of Mr. Randolph Churchill's *What I Said About the Press*, recent issues of *Life* and the *New York Herald-Tribune* have been rejected by Smith's and other distributors because of references to Dr. Adams. Smith's, in fact, are now reading the foreign news before putting it on the bookstalls; and what they regard as in any way legally dubious we shall not be allowed to have.

Smith's have clearly put forward these suggestions in order to show that Lord Goddard's decision has created an impossible situation. The purpose of a publisher's indemnity seems ruled out by the fact that the law will not permit any indemnity against the consequences of a criminal offence. The third proposal—the importers' guarantee—is a *reductio ad absurdum*. How can any firm legally "vet" newspapers in 50 different languages and still offer them to the public at a date when they remain saleable? We are informed that Smith's bookstall at Victoria Station sells some 300 foreign publications. How many of them could be legally read by the importers and still be topical?

The first assurance which Smith's suggest may be necessary is a very different matter. It may even provide the key to a solution. If every foreign paper circulating in this country is required to have a responsible editor here, then he, not the "innocent disseminator," can be made legally liable for contempt or other breaches of the law. If it is objected that dubious papers would set up "men of straw," the answer is that the real risk run by an offending paper is that it will not in future circulate in this country. Lord Goddard seemed to have some such remedy in mind when he emphasised that since "foreign publications imported here have no responsible editor or manager in this country," he had to punish the distributors as "the only persons who can in these circumstances be made amenable in the courts of this country."

Two things seem urgently necessary if foreign newspapers are to be freely on sale in the future. The first is a thorough overhaul of the law governing contempt of court, with its arbitrary powers of imprisonment, its independence of the principle of trial by jury and *habeas corpus*, and its medieval refusal of all right of appeal. This, it should be noted, is the only criminal offence which carries no right of appeal. A private member's bill is one obvious way open to the powerful interests threatened by this monstrous extension of censorship.

Secondly, lawyers should consider whether a version of the law of "common carrier" is not applicable to the distributors of newspapers. The essential condition, of course, is that broadly hinted at by Lord Goddard and contained in Smith's first proposal. Provided there is a competent person in this country responsible for each foreign publication, is there any reason why Smith's or other wholesalers should not be required to carry any publication offered them on fair commercial terms, and any reason why in that case they should be held any more responsible for the matter they distribute than, say, a bus is responsible for the passengers it carries? They cannot, in fact, read and should not be allowed—let alone required—to censor the books and papers they distribute. Lord Goddard would then have no excuse for the admittedly illogical distinction he made between big distributors like Smith's and the newsboys who distribute libellous or contemptuous papers in the streets.

The End of the Story

"A TOTAL and unmitigated defeat." There are few people, even among the Tory Party, who would deny that Sir Winston Churchill's famous phrase is an accurate description of the outcome of the Suez policy pursued by Sir Anthony Eden, with the approval and encouragement of his successor. But there is no sign that Mr. Macmillan, or the mass of his party, are any more willing to learn the lessons of their folly than Mr. Chamberlain; and they continue to attribute its disastrous consequences to the very men who warned them against it. Mr. Macmillan, described by his followers as a realist—which, by the standards of that optimistic body, the Turf Club, he may well be—argued on Monday that the Suez adventure in no way influenced Egypt's attitude to the negotiations on the future of the Canal, and that a unilaterally imposed settlement by Egypt would have been the inevitable outcome of the negotiations interrupted last October. The *Daily Telegraph* went further: "The British Socialist Party is co-defendant with the American government and the United Nations on a charge of procuring disaster. . . ."

It may be argued that the facts are sufficiently well known to render the nailing of such a misrepresentation otiose. But ordinary people, accustomed to traditional British standards of integrity on the part of ministers of the Crown, are now sufficiently confused to accept almost anything. The charge that Labour, by frustrating Sir Anthony's act of aggression, made capitulation to Nasser inevitable is not one that the party can afford to leave unanswered.

Here, then, for the last time, are the uncontroverted facts. Last August, Mr. Menon, acting for the Egyptian government, put forward a plan which provided for the re-ratification by Egypt of the 1888 Convention, its registration with the U.N., the appointment of an international committee to advise the Egyptian company on operations and investment, and arrangements for the settlement of dues and disputes under U.N. auspices. This plan was rejected by the British government without discussion. Later, in October, when Britain entered into direct negotiations, Egypt accepted as their basis a statement of six principles, drawn up jointly by Mr. Hammarskjold and the Anglo-French representatives which went even further in tying Egypt's hands in the future administration of the Canal, and which provided the substance, if not the form, of the international control system for which we had asked. Yet the subsequent Egyptian invitation to hold tripartite talks in Geneva, and draw up a detailed agreement, was left unanswered; and a week later, Anglo-French bombers were over Cairo.

Now we have got nothing. No Egyptian endorsement of the Convention. No guarantee that the Canal will be properly maintained, that dues will not be raised unilaterally and without appeal, that existing plans for enlarging the Canal will be completed. Even on the question of compensation—the one aspect of our case where our legal right was incontrovertable and international support unanimous—we have undermined our position by our military assault on Egypt. The counter-claims which Egypt can now, with reason, put forward will deadlock what was once a clear issue, and will make it reasonably certain that the shareholders are never repaid.

Why is Egypt now in a position to reject a compromise settlement which last October she was on the point of accepting? This is the crux of the debate. Doubtless Nasser's ambition all along has been to reach an agreement which would simply endorse the *fait accompli* of nationalisation and leave Egypt in unfettered control. But until last November he had little hope of realising it. As the negotiations of last summer and autumn revealed, few nations approved of the Anglo-French military preparations, and support for a solution which infringed Egyptian sovereignty was by no means universal. But there was general condemnation, even among Arab countries, for the manner in which Nasser had acted; and the user states, which included many nations in emotional sympathy with Egypt's case, were broadly agreed that some limitations had to be imposed on her freedom to use the Canal as an instrument of national policy. It was the pressure of international opinion—and not the Anglo-French display of force—which led Egypt to accept the six principles; and it is the removal of this pressure—as a direct result of the Allied intervention—which has now made Egypt free to repudiate them. Hence the responsibility for this defeat, whose completeness and magnitude is almost without parallel in British history, lies exclusively with British ministers.

What of the future? The legitimate aims of British policy remain unchanged: to secure the efficient operation of the Canal and its unrestricted use by the ships of all nations. On the first point, it is unrealistic to maintain—as some Tories now attempt to do—that Egypt can eventually be "punished" by reducing Britain's dependence on the Canal. Even assuming that present atomic energy projects are carried out, western Europe's imports of oil from the Middle East will progressively increase until at least the mid-1960s; we shall inevitably become more dependent on the Canal, not less so. Present super-tanker construction programmes and the Iraqi-Turkish pipeline, now under discussion, are designed to augment existing facilities, not to replace them. If the Canal is to be developed to its maximum capacity, Egypt will need our help and co-operation; to pursue an economic cold war against her, to attempt, as one Tory has put it, "to wipe the grin off Nasser's face," would militate directly against our own interests.

On the second point, we must reject the temptation to use for our own political purposes against Egypt Israel's undoubted right of access to the Canal. The Israelis have every right to send ships through the Canal and, if Egypt takes any aggressive action, to arraign her before the U.N. In doing so, they can count on unreserved support from Britain.

British policy moreover must insist that Egypt's claim to belligerent rights—which alone furnishes her embargo on Israel shipping with even the pretext of legality—is both a denial of justice and a defiance of the U.N. no less grave than that for which Israel was brought to book. But far more is likely to be gained by acting through the proper organs of the U.N., than by pursuing a policy of threats and recrimination. When the time comes, the British electorate will rightly remember the Suez crisis in assessing the record of Mr. Macmillan and his associates. But in terms of international politics, the incident is now over, and the sooner it is forgotten the better.

The Ascent of K 56

WHEN Keith John Miller came to see me at the House of Commons a fortnight ago, I thought that he had been the victim of some routine departmental mistake, and it was clear that this eager young engineer of 25 thought so, too. He was bewildered by what had hit him. He was on the eve of realising his greatest ambition—to climb peak K 56 of the Karakoram Himalaya in Pakistan—for which he had worked for three years. As a student of the City and Guilds College, London, he had got together other enthusiastic mountaineers, had formed the Imperial College Exploration Board under the chairmanship of Professor Read, had persuaded Eric Shipton to bring his great experience to the leadership of the party, had spent holiday after holiday training, had drafted estimates, raised money, tested materials, bought equipment and travelled up and down the country lecturing on the proposed expedition. Gradually the dream took shape until the team was ready and the equipment waiting on the quayside. Then came the blow.

Professor Read wrote to inform him that permission had been received from the Pakistan government for the expedition to enter its territory, but that "your personal application to enter the country is not acceptable to the Pakistan authorities." While expressing sympathy for this "grievous disappointment," the letter continued: "I am sorry to add that from the terms of the decision it is also clear that nothing further can be done. We are informed that the decision is irrevocable." A distraught Mr. Miller was not prepared to accept this simple destruction of all his hopes. He appealed to the office of the High Commissioner for Pakistan in London and was informed in a number of interviews that they had raised no objection to his going and that, if any ban had been put upon him in Karachi, it must have been on information supplied by the Commonwealth Relations Office. He therefore hurried along to the latter, only to be told that it was entirely a matter within the jurisdiction of the Pakistan government. He next came to see me.

I soon found myself caught up in the same vicious circle. The High Commissioner for Pakistan courteously assured me that he was anxious to help Mr. Miller and agreed to cable Karachi to inform the authorities there of my intervention. But he insisted that the next best hope of getting results was through the Commonwealth Relations Office, who would certainly have been consulted. In the absence of the Under-Secretary of State, Mr. Alport, in Ghana, and of the Secretary of State, Lord Home, in Scotland, I carried my problem to the office of the private secretary. He told me that the C.R.O. did not normally intervene in matters within the internal jurisdiction of a Commonwealth country; nevertheless, he did not deny that it was within their power to make representations. I asked him at least to find out what were the reasons for this mysterious ban so that Mr. Miller could be given a chance to refute any charges against him. He undertook to see what he could do.

While we waited for the result of his inquiries, I cross-examined Mr. Miller on possible reasons for the ban. Could it be that he had been consorting in college with subversive characters from Pakistan? This struck him as ridiculous, because his closest Pakistani friend had served as the official liaison officer for an earlier expedition and was not likely, therefore, to be suspect. As for politics, it wasn't a field for which he had much time or interest. As a freshman he had joined the Student Labour Federation for a year and he

believed it had been under Communist influence. He had, however, not rejoined the Federation in his subsequent years, simply because he didn't have the time. He had been unanimously elected as president of the City and Guilds Union in his last year, "and also managed to do sufficient work to obtain a first class honours degree in engineering."

By this time the private secretary was ready with his report, which was "negative." I was faced with the familiar formula that "C.R.O. doesn't normally intervene and there is nothing more that we can say." It was also suggested to me that by making a fuss in this way, Mr. Miller might be jeopardising the fate of the whole expedition—clearly an un-British thing to do. The expedition would have to cross the "inner line" in Pakistan and might find its permit to do so withdrawn. I agreed to pass this on to Mr. Miller. In doing so I also added a private warning that, as the employee of a prominent engineering firm, an important part of whose work was on government contract, he might even be endangering his career. He doggedly rejected both these warnings and asked me to pursue the matter, as he was prepared to run any risk in order to get a full inquiry.

My next step was to see Lord Home, who had now returned. It was a hurried meeting which Lord Home obviously considered a formality. He repeated the formula which his private secretary had enunciated; but he was honest enough to add that he had made the fullest inquiries and that he was not prepared to intervene in this particular case. By this time I was really angry. I pointed out that Mr. Miller was being condemned on charges of which he was not aware and which he had been given no opportunity to refute. He had been left to assume that the reasons were political and it was clear that any information of this kind must have come from the security authorities. This, I suggested, was the purest 1984: "We might as well be living under the Russians," I said, "and I will fight you as I would fight them." Lord Home courteously indicated that the interview was at an end.

By this time a number of M.P.s were interested in the case, including Mr. James Johnson and Mr. Austen Albu, who is a member of the governing body of the City and Guilds College. He, like me, had received a letter from the current president of the Union of Imperial College, of which the City and Guilds forms a part. The president expressed amazement at the ban on Mr. Miller, as "throughout his four years here he was a valuable and industrious member of our Society whose integrity has never been doubted." We were now convinced that we were dealing with another and particularly outrageous case of "security," and we were determined to get the Commonwealth Relations Office to admit that the information on which the Pakistan government had acted came from the British government.

On Thursday, May 9, we assembled in the Commons, ready for a display of ministerial stone-walling. We were all the more depressed because the reply, which I had received that morning, from the government of Pakistan was also "negative." With continuing ineptitude the government spokesman played into our hands. Mr. Alport, fresh from Ghana, obligingly admitted in response to my opening question that "information is, in certain circumstances, exchanged between Commonwealth governments about persons proposing to travel from one part of the Commonwealth to another," but that it was not the practice to disclose what had been done in particular cases. When I retorted that he was condemning the boy without giving him any chance to clear his name, he replied "The Hon. Lady does not, I think, advance the interests of the young man concerned." When Mr. James Johnson followed the matter up, Mr. Alport suddenly informed an astonished House that "the Pakistan government had agreed to withdraw their objection to the inclusion of Mr. Miller."

This off-hand and unexplained capitulation merely roused the anger and anxiety of the opposition. Mr. James Callaghan pointed out that the important fact was not that Mr. Miller had now been given a visa to go, but that "the British government should have supplied to the Pakistan government in the first place information which led them to refuse a visa, without communicating anything at all to Mr. Miller"—a process, which, he suggested, smacked of "McCarthyism." Mr. Anthony Greenwood asked what facilities for appeal were given by the Commonwealth Relations Office to British citizens on whom an adverse report had been submitted to a Commonwealth government. The answer to that was: "None, Sir."

It was clear that Mr. Alport was bewildered by the ingratitude of the opposition: a victory had been won as a result of raising the matter in parliament—the first such victory since the war on a security case—yet they were still not satisfied. But by this time a large number of M.P.s had become alive to the fact that a serious extension and abuse of security precautions has been taking place. It is true the ministers concerned had never admitted that the reasons for the ban on Mr. Miller were political; but equally they had never denied it. Mr. Alport had revealed that the Commonwealth Relations Office can, and do, make secret reports to Commonwealth governments on the credentials of British citizens without the victims even being aware that this is being done.

Moreover, when a citizen does learn that some such report has been made, the C.R.O. hides behind the traditional formula of: "Our lips are sealed." This means that anyone adversely affected by such a report is denied the safeguards which the recent Privy Counsellors' conference on security had thought were essential if security procedure was not to be abused. Under these safeguards, a civil servant who is sacked or moved from his job on security grounds must be informed in writing of the charges against him, given an opportunity to refute them and the right to appeal to a tribunal. Mr. Cyril Osborne, M.P., the only Tory intrepid enough to intervene in the Miller argument, thought he was scoring a point when he insisted that "industrial workers in this country had suffered much graver hardships and much greater injustice" than Mr. Miller and that "no protests have been made by members opposite." The truth is, of course, that the opposition has pressed for the extension of the same safeguards to industrial workers as civil servants now enjoy in matters of security and has been promised that these now operate. The suspicion is growing that they are, in fact, being by-passed by the simple device of not letting the victim know what has hit him.

The case of Mr. Miller has aroused the fear that there are other fields in which the practice of secret reporting of political views is taking place. These may not be as trivial in scope as at first appears. Very few people want to conquer K56, but a large number may want to emigrate or to pay visits within the Commonwealth. It is for this reason that, while Mr. Miller happily climbs the Himalayas, liberal-minded people in Britain will continue to follow up the wider implications of his case.

BARBARA CASTLE

London Diary

M.P.S and others who are embarrassed by their past utterances about Suez, H-bombs, the Americans, the Russians, the character of their party colleagues or other controversial subjects may find the following formula useful:

> I neither withdraw nor apologise for anything that I have said at any time, believing as I do that anything which I may have said at any time was perfectly justified by the special circumstances of the time and by the amount of information I may have had in my possession.

This formula I take from Winston Churchill's superb biography of his father. It was used by Lord Randolph to cope with awkward constituents. Sir Winston rightly recommends it "to others similarly placed."

* * *

Paris in May is a joy even if there are too many cold April showers. But when I went over for a few days for a meeting of the International Press Institute (preliminary to its full meeting in Amsterdam this week) I felt a chill that had nothing to do with the weather. The element of irresponsible fun has gone from French politics. Too many people are killed and killing in Algeria, and no one sees a good way out. I heard liberal talk of a North African conference, left wing talk of enforced French withdrawal, and right wing talk of a possible attempt at the reconquest of all French North Africa with the *colons* armed and God knows how many Arabs massacred. They say that it is now probably too late for this appalling idea of making French North Africa a sort of copy of Dutch South Africa. After all, Tunisia and Morocco are fully fledged states with foreign embassies and U.N. representatives, and even M. Mollet, whose position anyway is unstable, could scarcely make such an insane attempt. This could only happen if the wilder *colons* and extreme right-wing officers attempted some sort of Franco putsch. In short, it would involve something like a Fascist regime in France. What troubled my liberal and Socialist friends was that liberty seemed so insecure under a Socialist Prime Minister. Clearly the first job is to get Mollet out of office; in opposition the Socialist party would again be interested in liberty.

* * *

One of the good things about this I.P.I. meeting was that the French, American and British journalists there didn't confess each other's faults but discussed their common problems. They were frank, for instance, about mutual misunderstandings, recriminations and reticences over Suez and Algeria. One of the most revealing speeches was made by a U.S. agency correspondent, who explained that American journalism turned on personalities, while in France it was hard even to find out how many children the French Prime Minister had. The French tended to think that this was M. Mollet's own business. Speaking amongst themselves, the journalists were not generally touchy when their nations were criticised. But there was an exception of great importance. Everyone knew that the French police have been seizing papers which have reported atrocities committed by French soldiers in Algeria (there have been plenty of atrocities on both sides). While it was only *L'Humanité* that was suppressed there was little protest. When papers like *France-Soir*, *Paris-Presse* and *Le Monde* were seized in Algeria, and similar measures were taken against weeklies like *L'Express* and even the extreme right wing *La Croix*, the Press Federation protested. But matters have gone a stage further with the seizure

in France itself of *France-Observateur*. Its editor (like the editor of *L'Express*) has been indicted for publishing things likely to "demoralise" the French army. Here one would have expected the entire French press to realise its danger and resist incipient totalitarianism.

* * *

It was Mr. Darsie Gillie, of the *Manchester Guardian*, who put the fat in the fire. What worried him, he said, was not so much the seizure of a weekly, but the self-censorship of the French press. Scandals that would have been thoroughly explored a year ago were now hushed up. He had watched the extinction of the democratic press of Germany at the beginning of the Hitler regime; he felt grave anxiety lest the French press might also allow its liberties to be snuffed out. Since Mr. Gillie is one of the most experienced and respected of foreign correspondents, politically a man of the Right rather than the Left, his speech, delivered with passion and sincerity, carried immediate weight. The more so, unhappily, since his thesis was promptly confirmed by a lame apology from one of the few top French executives present. The French press had, he said, made protests and, of course, stood for freedom. But, after all, there must be casualties in war and so forth. . . No answer was attempted to Mr. Gillie's point; we were left wondering whether leading French papers are reticent from fear of seizure or fear of being unpatriotic. In view of the selective character of the journalists present, consideration of any resolution about the French press was postponed until the full I.P.I. session in Amsterdam.

* * *

I want to add my voice and that of this journal to the appeal to the American government to permit Paul Robeson to sing and act in this country. The State Department ought to be reassured by the voices supporting this demand. But if McCarthyism is still alive, I suppose Mr. Felix Aylmer, as President of Equity, which asks that Paul Robeson should be allowed to come here, and Flora Robson, Professor Dover Wilson and others who support the request, are really all "guilty by association." Professor Dover Wilson, in his eloquent letter to *The Times*, said that we should not give Robeson time or breath to waste on politics. "We want his breath for spirituals and other songs; we long to hear him speak the glorious poetry that Shakespeare spoke through the mouth of Othello." As an appetiser a few of us can hear him sing by cross-Atlantic telephone in St. Pancras Town Hall on May 26—but that only emphasises the increasing absurdity of a world technically united but bitterly atomised by ideologies.

* * *

I am both shocked and astonished at the behaviour of the *Daily Telegraph* in publishing last Tuesday a pirated—and significantly inaccurate—version of the Labour Party's superannuation scheme. Not that I begrudge a newspaper the credit of successful piracy. I do not complain that the *Daily Express* had on the previous day published an early draft of the Labour document which it had obtained from some illicit source, but which it doubtless believed to be accurate. By the time, however, the *Telegraph* decided to copy the *Express*, the final and authentic draft of the document was already in the *Telegraph* office and embargoed till Thursday. So, in publishing its inaccuracies on Tuesday, the *Telegraph* printed what it had every opportunity of knowing was not accurate. I understand that the authentic version of the scheme was in the *Telegraph* office early on Monday afternoon; but in any case a very senior executive of the paper was personally told by a Labour Party authority at lunch-time on Monday that the final draft, embargoed for a further three days, had already been sent out to the press.

* * *

So *Picture Post* has been killed by T.V. How well I recall its first brilliant issues! It precisely filled a gap in pre-war England. No paper ever did documentaries better. Now a substitute for the documentary is provided by T.V. But the social content which did much to educate England is missing.

* * *

Some newspapers publish regular "nature notes." In an effort to qualify for this job, let me record the following. The large toad was in the hole, the hole being the deep drain underneath a waste pipe. How it got there I can't guess. Whether it could have got out if I had not lifted it out, I don't know. Some fifty yards away another pipe carries off the effluent from the sewage tank. It has a wire cover. I had not known this was eroded until I saw a bluetit carrying worms to the nest inside the pipe. If I were a proper nature correspondent I should have counted the number of journeys she made each day. But I didn't. Instead I noticed that the cuckoo was making its standardised noise and that the larks were singing so joyfully that they drowned any distant explosions of nuclear bombs. Two magpies were to be seen in the field nearby, and a partridge, with surprising impudence, was grubbing on the grass outside my window. A young hare—very young and brash, I should say, by its behaviour and brindled coat—surprised me even more by walking in at the garden gate and then hareing away (that must be the right word) when the yellow cat next door headed it off. The cat kept up the unequal chase for some time; I saw it streaking across the garden ten minutes later. Whereupon the hare, which must have done its famous doubling-back-on-its-tracks act, nonchalantly turned up on the lawn and for some minutes seemed all set for a good feed. Whether it smelt the fox, which often passes that way I don't know; anyway it thought worse of it and lolloped away. All this made quite an exciting week-end for the illiterate naturalist, but would scarcely be worth recording except for the virtuoso performance put up by the nightingales who seem in unusually good voice this year.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Middle-aged woman required to be companion to middle-aged lady.—Advt. in *Jewish Chronicle*. (J. A. Rosenn.)

I cannot understand people who are annoyed at the noise from neighbours' houses. I welcome the sound of B.B.C. television through one wall, and I.T.V. through the other. It really cheers us up.—Letter in the *Daily Mirror*. (M. A. Aitken.)

"I have a good wife, one of the best, but there is something missing in our happiness.

"So I have been seeking happiness looking through windows to watch other people's happiness to make up for what I can't find in my own home."—*News of the World*. (A. Khan.)

I think it is time Watch Committees took steps about the display of nude dummies in gown shop windows. It should be compulsory that the window display should be changed immediately or that a dust sheet be thrown over the figures so that they are not left exposed for all passers-by to see.—Letter in *Yorkshire Evening Post*. (J. E. Scott.)

This Empire

A British Colonel has written to the British-owned *South China Morning Post*, of Hongkong, protesting against cats and dogs "still being eaten under the British flag." He suggested the birch or hard labour as a suitable punishment.

Beneath a drooping Union Jack
A Chinese Heathen sat,
Unconscionably knocking back
Large hunks of dog and cat.
Quoth he: "The Frenchman feeds on frogs,
The Belgian scoffs his nag,
But I will feast on cats and dogs
Beneath this British flag."

The pukka chaps with chota pegs
Looked bleakly at the Chink:
Were there no sound Imperial Regs
Prescribing birch or clink?
If Blimp had dealt in Decalogues
How proudly could we brag:
"Thou shalt not guzzle cats or dogs
Beneath the British flag."

Shall we, who tortured Greek and Kuke
To make them tell their sins,
Be nauseated, fit to puke,
By Chinese mandarins?
The Lesser Breeds (obnoxious Wogs)
Britannia must de-bag:
Freedom—at least for cats and dogs—
Follows the British flag.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The State of Soviet Music

COMRADE SHEPILOV is a smoother operator than the late Comrade Zhdanov. That becomes clear at the Second Congress of Soviet Composers which was held in Moscow last month. Everything went off more smoothly than at that famous First Congress nine years ago, which followed hard on the Socialist-Realist decree of February, 1948, and the incredible conference at which Zhdanov pilloried (and encouraged the functionaries of the Composers' Union to pillory) Prokofiev, Shostakovitch, Katchaturian and other leading composers as so many "formalists" whose work was "not wanted by the people." Shepilov, this time, was a good deal less outrageous. Yet, as one wades through his speeches and those of Tikhon Khrennikov, who still remains the top bureaucrat in the Composers' Union, one is impressed by the manner in which they blow hot and cold. Both of them made a point of declaring that the decrees of the Central Committee between 1946 and 1948 on art, literature and music were correct. And Shepilov, especially, denied the charges that the years following the First Congress were a period of "dogmatism, obscurantism and scholasticism": the great creative capital, he said, with which Soviet composers had come to this Second Congress exposed the absurdity of such allegations. All the same, he seemed conscious of the fact that *something* had gone wrong with Soviet music since 1948; and his whole speech was marked by a hair-splitting scholasticism of its own. On the one hand, tender care must be given to individual talent: on the other, "individualism is the worst enemy of a free creative process." On the one hand, constant reiteration of the cliché that all Soviet music must be "human"; on the other, a quotation from Gorki, which describes how Lenin went into raptures over the *Appassionnata* and exclaimed that he could listen every day to "this amazing un-human music."

It may be argued that all this inconsistency is

This slice has something the others haven't got

Any healthy child will tell you that Hovis is full of flavour and quite different from ordinary bread. Yet neither children nor their parents always know that the flavour is only one of the remarkably good things about the wheatgerm bread.

Inside information. Strip off the outer husk (the bran) of a grain of wheat, and you come to the starchy white kernel. From this alone the whitest flour is made—and, if you like it, the all-white loaf that once seemed so desirable in the days when we couldn't have it.

The heart of the wheat. But best of all, the grain has its wheatgerm—small yet rich in those things the white flour lacks. When wheat is sown, it is the wheatgerm from which the new plant springs. It contains an extraordinary high proportion of the natural life and flavour that made bread, from ancient times, the staff of life.

White bread. White bread is made of flour from which all the husk of the wheat has been removed—and with the husk goes all the wheatgerm as well. By Government regulation, nutrients must be added to make up for this loss. Dieticians differ about the effect of the husks on human health, but everyone agrees that the more wheatgerm we get, the better.

What wholemeal means. It means just what it says—the whole meal, husk and all, ground into a flour with nothing added and nothing taken away. You get all the bran (which may or may not suit you) and you lose no wheatgerm, which is definitely a good thing.

Better and better. But wouldn't it be even better—since all agree that wheatgerm is so *extra* good—if we could have not only the small original portion of it, but a great deal more besides?

Well, we do—in Hovis. Hovis flour is unique. It has no husks; they have gone to do their most useful job, feeding animals. But it has *extra* wheatgerm, eight or nine times more than you get even in wholemeal.

The slice of life. That is what makes Hovis the slice of life. That is where Hovis gets its interesting taste and why it gives such energy and well-being to people who eat it regularly.

A word about your baker. Hovis is baked by your local baker. It is from his ovens that the fresh loaves come each morning, baked as he knows you like them. Give him an order for Hovis every day.

Hovis is the slice of life

so have some every day

itself a healthy sign of increased liberalism. Indeed, the reiteration of the old Socialist-Realist principles is less striking in the speeches of both Shepilov and Khrennikov than the subtleties with which they are overlaid. For one thing, there is the clearest implication that musical output since 1948 has been disappointing. The numerous specific complaints are, it is true, wrapped up in verbiage about the richness of Soviet musical talent; but, when it comes to the point, Shepilov and Khrennikov both have to admit that the past nine years do not compare with earlier periods. Shepilov paid lip service to the 120 operas which had been composed in the Soviet Union since 1948; but very few of these, it was then learned, had been produced on more than one or two occasions, and many of them not at all.

Highly significant were some of the comments on orchestral and chamber music. Khrennikov spoke nostalgically of the Thirties and the early Forties which had produced such admirable works as Shostakovitch's *Fifth* and *Seventh* symphonies; Prokofiev's *Alexander Nevsky* and *Romeo and Juliet;* Katchaturian's Piano and Violin Concertos. The list of works produced since 1948, apart from Shostakovitch's *Song of the Forests*, is a good deal less impressive. True, there are some items of which we should like to know more: the epic poem by Galynin, for instance; *Glory, My Homeland* by Zhukovsky; and Ivanov's *Sixth* symphony. But various remarks at the Congress made it clear that few of these new works are known to anybody except specialists. Indeed, from a study of the speeches it becomes clear that an enormous amount of music is composed "for the people" every year, but that very little of it ever reaches the people. Interesting evidence of this is furnished by Alexander Gauk, a leading Soviet conductor, who wrote in *Literary Gazette* on March 26:

> There is no real bond between our new symphonic music and our public. The public scarcely know it. Take even symphonies which are famous abroad: with great difficulty I manage to conduct Shostakovitch's *Fifth* three times a year, and in different cities. The *Seventh* I am lucky to conduct once in three years. For years I have been trying in vain to conduct Prokofiev's marvellous *Fifth;* while Katchaturian's admirable *Second* had to wait ten years till a Rumanian conductor came to Moscow to do it.

In all the speeches at the Congress is a curious emphasis—almost as if to make up for the shortcomings of the past nine years—on the achievements of the non-Russian republics. Thus we are told that original operas have lately been produced for the first time in Uzbekistan, Tadjikistan, Turkmenistan, Kazakhstan, Byelo-Russia and the autonomous republics of Tartaria, Bashkaria, and Buriat-Mongolia. Warm compliments were also paid to the work done in the Baltic republics, particularly Estonia. The number of Caucasian, Central Asian and Baltic names among the composers mentioned was proportionately much larger than that of Russian names.

Perhaps the most significant deduction of all that can be made from the Congress is that composers have been confused and bewildered in the past nine years, not knowing what was expected from them. The composing of songs, for instance—a field in which both the pre-war and war years had been particularly productive—had according to all accounts, suffered a shocking decline. This pointed to a lack of genuine inspiration and enthusiasm: even the development of the virgin lands of Siberia and Kazakhstan had not produced any memorable musical works. It had been different in the past when there was either revolutionary ardour or wartime patriotism to inspire composers. Now a huge amount of cheap, sentimental rubbish was being produced—because, apparently, the public liked it. Shepilov lamented that even so lofty a theme as the *Defence of Peace and the Brotherhood of Nations* had been exploited for low commercial purposes by certain composers who thought nothing of writing music to words like these:

> The two Italian girls they kiss
> The Negro on both cheeks;
> In Moscow he alone is shocked,
> For the people around them shout: "Go on!
> Do it again! Again!"

Such "feeble primitivism," said Shepilov, was intolerable and had to be fought as ruthlessly as "aestheticising formalism." The colonial people's struggle, Suez, even the crushing of the "counter-revolution" in Hungary, were suggested as suitably inspiring subjects for young Soviet composers.

It is important, all the same, that, apart from the author of the *Brotherhood of Nations*, nobody was individually pilloried. No good marks, it is true, were given to Shostakovitch for his *Tenth* symphony; while his highly "formalist" and "pseudo-classical" *24 Preludes and Fugues* were barely alluded to. Works which didn't quite fit—especially those by well-known composers—were simply ignored; but Shepilov himself remarked that he did not believe in pillorying any individual. And that in itself marks a liberal advance from Zhdanov.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Fleet Street Notebook

WHEN I drew attention a fortnight ago to the extreme seriousness of the position of the *Daily Herald* and *News Chronicle*, neither of whom is in a financial state to do more than produce newspapers frequently not much over half the size of its more successful popular rivals, the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Mail* and even less than that of the *Daily Telegraph*, also at 2d., I did not anticipate that the merger discussions which have arisen directly from this situation would become public so soon. However the news is now out. First broken in a trade paper last Friday, it is still officially described as premature. In fact, the leak, which by Saturday was taking up most of the front page of the *Mirror* and had reached a half column in *The Times* by Monday, has unfortunately come at a time of maximum difficulty for those concerned. Indeed there are suspicions around Fleet Street that it was deliberately engineered with just this intention by a rival newspaper proprietor who heard indirectly of the conversations. That be as it may, the secret has been broken when neither the *Herald* nor *News Chronicle* directors are as yet in a position to allay by a definite announcement the acute anxiety caused among their staffs.

The facts of the position are as follows. Tentative discussions between the two boards began some weeks ago. They were at first directed to examining whether any joint action of any kind between the two was feasible to meet the present newspaper crisis. A possible agreement on a price rise sufficient to cover the cost of producing bigger papers was one measure considered. It very soon became plain however that any such step was likely to worsen rather than improve things. It would put the two in the position of charging more for less than either the *Express* or the *Mail*, not to mention the *Telegraph*, and might well bring a further heavy fall in circulation; while it could not of itself do anything to solve the central problem—that of insufficient advertising revenue. At this stage it was agreed to explore in principle any other ways of overcoming both papers' difficulties up to and including a merger between the two.

This was not the first moment the *News Chronicle* directors had found themselves forced to consider whether they could much longer keep the paper alive as a separate entity. In fact a tentative approach had actually been made shortly before to Lord Rothermere to see whether the *Daily Mail* might be interested in a journalistic marriage. At the same time the *Daily Mirror* was asked whether it might be interested in buying the *Star*. With the development of talks with the Odhams Press directors and the *Herald* board, both these projects were put aside. Slightly—but only slightly—less vulnerable than the *News Chronicle* because of the Odhams cushion upon which it can, at least for the time being, fall back, the *Herald* board also found itself at this time forced to consider whether the paper could be kept going much longer. An analysis of costs and of circulation and advertising trends, all carrying the most ominous warning, had been prepared and was under discussion with the T.U.C. directors even before the *News Chronicle* approach. Both Odhams and the *News Chronicle* had therefore good reason to consider that any means of survival were worth examining.

This examination is now proceeding. It may be some time before a conclusion can be reached. The issues are by no means simple. It is this that makes the leak unfortunate. Despite the best efforts of both boards—both very conscious of their responsibilities to their staffs in the matter—a period of uncertainty, damaging to the morale of the staffs and possibly to the already precarious commercial position of the two papers, seems inevitable.

Some of the questions which have to be considered are clear enough: the answers to them are by no means so plain. Since their present circulations do not overlap to any great extent, theoretically a merger between the two could give the new combined paper (the *News-Herald* or perhaps the *Herald-News*) a circulation of around 3,000,000. This, although about 1,000,000 below the *Express* and nearly 1¼ millions below the *Mirror*, would be about 1,000,000 higher than the *Mail* and ought to be sufficient to pull in an advertising revenue adequate to allow the new paper to print 14- or 16-page papers and thus hold its own in the battle of giants I described a fortnight ago. But newspaper readers are not captive audiences who will automatically do what they are told. Moreover, the fact that there is so little overlap between the two, while advantageous in one respect, also indicates how little common interest they now have to draw upon. Both typographically and in news and feature treatment, the two papers are in fact now almost poles apart. This was far from being the case some years ago. Apart altogether from politics, they appeal journalistically to very different kinds of readers and it is by no means certain that a joint paper could be produced capable of integrating these two publics. Because they are probably a much less cohesive group politically than are the *Herald* readers, it is most difficult to decide which way *News Chronicle* readers would go.

This brings up a further problem: the position of the *Herald* as the official paper of the Labour Party and the trade union movement. Although this official link is by no means an unmixed blessing journalistically, as was once again disclosed on Monday when the *Herald*, because of its official status, had to stand by while the *Express* scooped it with a detailed, if inaccurate, leak

DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE FUTURE!

The Labour Party has now made public its proposals for a national superannuation scheme. Within the next few weeks policy statements on colonial affairs, on public ownership and on the political aspects of automation will be issued.

By then Labour's policy platform for the next general election will be all but complete. The essential need is for this policy platform to be analysed and explained as a whole to the widest possible public, with the greatest possible authority.

The DAILY HERALD is the only national daily newspaper in a position to do this. Already the HERALD has given nation-wide publicity to previous policy statements. Now it is the DAILY HERALD's intention to consider these policies as a whole.

Next week in the HERALD, Harold Hutchinson, one of the best known, most experienced of industrial and political commentators, will write a series of articles in which he will discuss Labour's policy as it affects the future welfare and happiness of the man in the street. He will discuss specifically the new Pension Scheme, emphasising at the same time that its essential and only place is in Labour's complete policy. In doing this he will, of course, discuss the implications of all the policy statements issued so far, but treating them all the time as parts of a single whole.

The theme of the whole series is "don't be afraid of the future." There could be no title more apt. Every man and woman who has the real greatness of this country at heart and who wishes to see a better Britain will want to read these articles.

STARTING ON MONDAY—ONLY IN THE

DAILY HERALD

THE AUTHENTIC VOICE OF LABOUR

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of the Labour Party's pension plans, it still gives the *Herald* a solid hard core of loyal readers. But for the new paper to carry the same official stamp would almost certainly drive away a substantial body of existing *News Chronicle* readers. Nor would such an official partnership appeal to the *News Chronicle* directors. From their point of view it would involve the final destruction of their paper's character almost as much as would a merger with the *Daily Mail* at the other extreme.

A break with the T.U.C. shareholding (49 per cent. of the *Daily Herald* [1929], Ltd.) is, therefore probably essential to a successful merger—indeed Odhams had in any event for some time been turning over its desirability in order to give the paper more room for journalistic manœuvre, lacking which survival has seemed increasingly precarious.

But if there is to be a break, it is necessary that it should be made in such a way and on such terms and conditions as not to create ill-will or lessen more than is absolutely unavoidable the loyalty of the *Herald's* existing Labour readership. Leaving aside the legal and financial issues which would have to be cleared, this seems to call for two requirements. One is that the editorial control of the new paper should be in hands that command confidence among the T.U.C. and the general body of Labour readers. The other is that the senior partner in the merger would have to be the *Daily Herald*. Odhams have now behind them more than a quarter of a century of co-operation with the T.U.C. and the Labour Party in the *Daily Herald*. Although in that period the *Herald* has sometimes been open to criticism both as a newspaper and as a political force—and has increasingly been criticised on these grounds recently—there has been no occasion on which Odhams have failed to hold to the political obligation of the trust deed by which the paper is governed or on which it has been necessary to evoke the arbitration allowed for by the deed. This, it is argued, gives Odhams some right at least to assume that a majority control of the new paper by them would be accepted by Labour and the trade unions as some guarantee that although the official link no longer existed the paper was worthy of support. This would hardly be the case if the *News Chronicle* were the senior partner.

It will be seen that with these varying and by no means always entirely compatible interests to consider it may be some time before the discussions now proceeding can be concluded in detail. Apart from the questions of detail, however, there is still to be settled the key question of whether the T.U.C.—which has now been given a report on the matter together with all the financial facts relating to the *Herald's* present position—will agree to dispose of its holding and if so at what price. And there is the question of the future of the *Star*. Should it also be taken over by the new company or should it be disposed of separately, perhaps to the *Daily Mirror* group which earlier expressed interest?

Although there is a good deal yet which remains to be settled my own belief is that the merger will go through—if only because without it neither paper has much long-term chance of survival. This is an unpleasant fact to face—journalistically, socially and politically—but fact it is. Nor do I share the view of those who hold that it would be disastrous for the Labour Party no longer to possess an official daily paper. I believe that a strong paper generally favourable to it but capable on occasion of independent criticism—bearing in fact something of the same relation to the Labour Party as the *Telegraph* does to the Conservative Party—would not only be journalistically a much better paper but in the long run politically much more valuable to it.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Rocket Isle

MRS. ARCHIE MACDONALD lives in a small stiff house of slate and granite beneath the heather violet hills of South Uist in the Outer Hebrides. She has hair that gleams like finely spun silver and her complexion is as rosy as a girl's; but what is really important and remarkable about Mrs. Archie—given that the secret of practically eternal youth is widely understood in the Hebrides—resides in her gift of song.

Mrs. Archie's mother was also a great singer in her day. She now admits "to 82 or 93"—a decade is of no importance in this Tir nan Oigh—and her voice is nothing more than a small croaking chant; but her memory appears to be as good as ever. That is very good indeed. Both she and her daughter have in their repertoire an abundance of the old "waulkin'" songs—not for stretching the legs, indeed, but for pounding newly woven tweed—and rowing songs and lullabies and epics and laments. Amongst these last are several in archaic Gaelic that go back to the Fenian songs of the third century: songs that make Mrs. Archie, and Mrs. Archie's mother, into significant representatives of what is probably the oldest living culture in western Europe. Handed down by purely oral tradition, these Fenian songs were several centuries old before *Beowulf* saw the light.

Mrs. Archie's three handsome daughters do not sing these songs. "The young people," commented Mrs. Archie, "want only Radio Luxembourg." An exaggeration, of course, for one of Mrs. Archie's daughters is a prize-taking player of the pipes: but essentially true. The old tradition is dying fast. Perhaps that is inevitable; and perhaps it does not greatly matter. People are more than their history. What does matter, one would think, is that a community so richly individual in its manners and its social formation should be saved from dismay and dissolution.

On the narrow cambered highway beyond Mrs. Archie's threshold a noticeboard insists: "Speed Limit: 30 m.p.h. for Service Vehicles." This is the road from Lochboisdale to the northern end of the island: the road to the rocket range. Of many solid well-considered schemes for discouraging the habitation of Uist over the last three or four hundred years, this rocket range may prove the most successful.

* * *

"Forasmeikle that the Inglesche tong may be universallie plantit," said a Stewart enactment of 1616, "and the Irish language, which is one of the chief and principal causes of the continuance and barbaritie and incvillitie among the inhabitants of the Isles and Highlands may be abolishit and removit . . ." The long enduring attack on Gaelic culture was also an attack on the mere existence of these small western communities. They were labelled as barbarians; and everything was done that could be done to make them see their traditions as worthless, their language as an inferior jargon, and their way of life as certain poverty, and probably starvation.

Communities survive without their mother tongue, but the Hebrideans clung to theirs. After 200 years of "cultural discouragement," the lords of Scotland turned to straightforward eviction. In the 1840s the Gordon Cathcarts, who then owned South Uist as well as neighbouring islands, selected the better land for sheep, and cleared away the people to Canada and Newfoundland. "My grandmother," Mrs. Archie told me, "was 12 years old when she was set to cut the corn of neighbouring people cleared away to Canada." Her own family has escaped transportation, but at the price of repeated evictions: in time they became known as "the rafter folk," for they "carried their roof with them where they went."

In 1841 South Uist had over 7,000 inhabitants: today it has many fewer than 4,000. Evictions went on into the mid-Eighties, when the Napier Commission at last brought security of tenure and at least turned rapid decay into stagnation. Over the past 30 years or so things have somewhat improved; and today there is not much annual net loss of population from South Uist. Yet the traditional economy of these islands was brutally undermined, and their communities survive today only with direct help from outside—help that comes, characteristically enough, not in socially effective change, but in gifts and charities and such.

And it remains one of the oddities of the Scots nationalist movement that its promoters will spend any amount of wind and blether in the rehabilitation of Lowlands Scots culture and self-confidence, but seem practically indifferent to the condition of those who speak Gaelic. There is, after all, a connection between community survival and self-confidence; and the status of a community's mother tongue plays a big part (and perhaps a decisive part) in strengthening or weakening the connection. In Welsh-speaking Wales, they tell me, there are nearly one million speakers of Welsh; in all of Scotland there are fewer than 140,000 speakers of Gaelic. But in Welsh-speaking Wales, education is in Welsh up to the senior school (with high attention to Welsh even after that); while in Gaelic-speaking Scotland, education is in English from the age of five (and with little attention to Gaelic even in the senior school). South Uist is still an entirely Gaelic-speaking island: yet "it is possible," as Mr. John Lorne Campbell has lately pointed out, "to travel through Outer Hebrides from one to another and hear nothing but Gaelic spoken, and see nothing but English written."

Now, at the tail of all this, comes the rocket range.

* * *

Having survived so much, people brace themselves to survive the rocket range as well. Immediately, it will do two things. It will cause a crofter called Macphee to lose most or all of his land, and a number of other crofters to lose part of their land—all this being in the crofting "township" of Eachars, towards the dunes of the north-eastern tip where the white surf marks Europe's farthest borderline. It will also introduce a foreign community of troops, wives, and children whose numbers will be somewhat greater than the whole native population. For two or three years, during construction, it will provide casual labour for crofters glad enough to have it: after that it will be what it will be—at the least a noisy nuisance, at the worst a brooding and a mortal peril.

Natives attitudes betray a profound scepticism; the fruit, no doubt, of a feeling of entire helplessness. Father Morrison, the parish priest of Eachers, has led an opposition that was never more than doubtful. Outraged at the desecration of his parish, and worried perhaps lest the introduction of some 4,000 heretics, agnostics, atheists and assorted rock 'n' rollers may dissipate the healthy Catholicism of his flock, Father Morrison

has even spoken of mass emigration to Canada. But "I should not think," a crofter said to me, "that he would find half a dozen to follow him." Canada, for South Uist, is no land of plenty, but the land where the clearances ended: ended in destitution.

"Should we go to Newfoundland, the place they mention?" said another crofter. "That is a terrible poor place, do you know. I have seen some of them during the war"—perhaps he meant the First World War—"and, do you know, they could not read nor write their names. A poor people indeed for us to go and live among."

Others are "putting a brave face on it."

The roadmender said: "Oh, it is not a bang at all. It is a whoosh, they tell me."

The doctor said: "Maybe it's only temporary. Did you ever hear of the government starting on a military thing that was not obsolete already?"

The priest said: "Well, there will be two separate communities. I hope we can keep them separate. Perhaps we can. Some of the R.A.F. boys, you know, put on their Teddy Boy suits. Well, they have not put them on a second time, it seems."

The waitress, who had danced reels all the previous night, said: "I like Rock 'n' Roll. It is something we have not heard before."

The fisherman said: "For those losing land, there will be compensation. And maybe the money will be worth more than the croft?" But he was a man from Eriskay, from a race noted for their sarcasm.

But the characteristic voice is the voice of Mr. Archie Macdonald. He it was who simply said, smiling ironically: "Yes, the rocket range. Do you know, I am wondering about that thing? Yes, I am wondering about it very much."

BASIL DAVIDSON

The Arts and Entertainment

Anouilh's Tunes

As a technician, M. Anouilh has led the field of contemporary playwriting since the war. His conceptions have been more completely and excitingly theatrical (in the very best sense) than anyone else's. And the best plays—*Eurydice*, *La Répétition*, *Invitation au Château*, *Antigone*—have been so packed with turns and surprises within the conception that they have carried English audiences across the gulf which separates the English and the French languages. This is the Great Divide, and there is simply no direct way over it. Imagine the hopeless flatness of a more or less literal translation of *Phèdre*. There is no way of rendering in English the kind of bare simplicity which the French language can strike with (any more I imagine than there is any way of rendering in French the rich associative muzz by which the Shakespearean texture achieves its effects). Translation from the French is hopeless. Only thoroughgoing adaptation which will do.

One of the main difficulties with *La Sauvage* (now to be seen with Miss Mai Zetterling at the St. James's) in English is that, after the first act, it comes down pretty directly to its language style alone. If that is not there, what is there to carry it across? In plain round prose terms M. Anouilh's view of life (it is over-doing it to call it a philosophy) looks pretty skimpy. Stripped of its romantic trappings, it is something as brief as this: we may pursue the ideal, but it is unattainable—hence, the tears. Now this is a proposition which has served poets well enough—

> The troubles of our proud and angry dust
> Are from eternity and shall not fail—

And it serves M. Anouilh very well who is a poet of the theatre. But it only serves, of course, in his own language.

La Sauvage (the absurd equivalent given here is *Restless Heart*) states the Anouilh proposition at its barest. One of his beautiful ethereal girls, who has survived being brought up in the shabbiest, lowest and vulgarest of surroundings, falls in love with a young man infinitely handsome, infinitely rich, infinitely talented. He has watched her playing the violin (vilely badly) in an orchestra which grinds out its daily ration of tea-time music in a pretentious provincial café, and has fallen for her. He takes her away to his infinitely tasteful, infinitely above-the-struggle country house, and preparations for the wedding go forward. She is chaperoned by her father, the greedy, seedy leader of the orchestra, who is delighted that they are at last on to a good thing. It is this very notion which upsets Thérèse; she cannot bear to be thought of as acting in the same terms as her father. She, on the contrary, is appalled by the sheer ease of the new life. They are all, in it, too assuming, too assured, too certain of themselves. Nothing disturbs their balance, nothing upsets them, and in the penultimate scene of the second act she turns on her young lover and exposes herself and her past in all its threadbare poverty, its ignominious shifts, its dirt, its sexual degradation. It is meant to be her exit line from his life. But its effect on him is other than she anticipated. Her infinitely removed and infinitely assured lover actually sheds tears. They are capable of feeling, then, after all, these people! They can cry! They are human! She can stay.

In the final act M. Anouilh has to manœuvre her back into the position from which she has just retreated, and this means a certain amount of clumsy contrivance (which reminds us that this

How are guided missiles accurate?

DESCRIPTIONS of guided missiles have mostly concentrated on the missile itself. But what is the fantastic system that lies behind this new weapon? How is the missile got into the air at exactly the right time and place? In *The New Scientist* this week, E. L. BEVERLEY, Commercial Manager of the English Electric Guided Weapons Division, gives a fascinating, detailed account of the complete system that makes accurate launching possible.

Earth's blue-green aboriginals

The micro-organisms called blue-green algae are an unobtrusive but fascinating form of life which has persisted apart from the main line of evolution. They have qualities which may yet make them useful industrially. In *The New Scientist* the evolution and characteristics of blue-green algae are discussed by Dr. G. E. FOGG, Reader in Botany, University College, London.

How the Dounreay reactor will work

The Dounreay fast breeder reactor has just been visited by a party of specialist writers from the British Press. One of these, MARY GOLDRING, contributes to *The New Scientist* this week an explanation of the construction of this reactor and of the elaborate safety system that will control its operation.

Does psychotherapy cure neurotic disorders?

Professor H. J. EYSENCK, Director of the Psychology Department at the Institute of Psychiatry, is sharply critical of some of the bold claims which psychotherapists make. In *The New Scientist* this week he examines these claims and explains why sweeping reports of "cures" should be treated with reserve.

The future of school laboratories

The Assessors of the Industrial Fund for the Advancement of Scientific Education, which has made grants of over £3 million for science buildings and apparatus, visited 229 schools. One of them is Sir GRAHAM SAVAGE, former Senior Chief Inspector of Technical Schools and Colleges. He records in *The New Scientist* this week his impressions of the present state of science teaching, and of the developments which better equipment will make possible.

★ ★ ★

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is one of his early works). The family of the young man are suddenly and briefly introduced, bringing back the feeling of assured and careless people floating on the assumptions of wealth. Her previous unease returns, reinforced by the irruption of her father and of a follower from the café days, and once more—though not to my mind very convincingly—she walks out while her lover continues to play his piano in the next room infinitely well.

The first act with its café, its shabby orchestra, its movement, is the kind of pure Anouilh which carries perfectly well on its theatre-poetry: and the magic is admirably caught in the staging and the setting. After that, when we move to the country house, it is in effect all up to the actress playing Thérèse. Miss Mai Zetterling has her own special brand of appeal. Whether or not it fits in with Anouilh's is perhaps a matter of purely personal taste. If she does that for you—takes you into the heart of his peculiar brand of romanticism—the spell will work for you. For me her peculiar intonations work against. But I think I understand at last, after hearing her, what William Poël, that old producer of the Elizabethan Stage Society, was at when he used to talk about "the tunes"—and made the actors and actresses he was rehearsing sing their "tunes" after him, before they ever got to pronouncing the actual words. Miss Zetterling does, so to speak, sing the tune of Thérèse in her voice and her acting. She gives us everything of the part except the words. So too, but without the same excuse, does Mr. Donald Pleasence as her shabby old dad (forerunner of that shabby old dad in *Eurydice*). He sings the tune of the greedy, grasping, vulgar old man really brilliantly. But there is no need for him to throw away the words (as so many singers do) pell-mell. (I have heard him hold the Arts completely stilled by his enunciation.) Here the outline is perfect, dazzling indeed, but all the details within the outline are fuzzed. There is a great performance in potential in Mr. Pleasence's Tarde; all we get is a very good one. The rest of the large cast have no such chances. No one could act the tailor's dummy of perfection that Mr. George Baker is called on for. Mr. Peter Bull, as the faithful friend, has surely a rather truncated version of the original part (the cuts include the last line of the play). Mr. Peter Rice's settings are, as usual, delightful. Mr. William Chappell is the director. He makes a charming thing of the first act in the café; and in the last two he has taught his principals their tunes. But he hasn't been able to ensure that we shall hear the words within them.

T. C. WORSLEY

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MULLER

Misuses of Talent

AT the ICA is an exhibition of Olivetti design (posters, etc., photographs of factories, the machines themselves); at the Arthur Jeffress Gallery are bronzes and paintings by Mirko: and both exhibitions suggest the same reason why things designed in Italy, from slippers to motor cars, have come to acquire their present remarkable prestige—that they are thoroughly "contemporary" without being aggressive, that they manage to be "unusual" without offending bourgeois good taste.

It seems to me that much contemporary Italian sculpture is diminished by partaking of this easy-going charm: what is well in a typewriter will not do in figurative art, not when it has the pretensions to serious content of a Marini or a Manzù. Mirko, on the other hand, can afford to let charm carry him along because he is prepared to be a lightweight. And one of the most charming things about his sculptures is how their character is announced by their physical lightness. I don't mean to imply by this that lack of bulk in sculpture (a common attribute nowadays) makes a work lightweight in character—one might as well say that chamber music, being sparer than orchestral music, is therefore less weighty in content. The musical analogy with Mirko is that of a work for full orchestra which is lightly scored: there *is* bulk but there is no density, for these curious objects (with the exception of some much less interesting figurines of dancers) are made of thin—almost paper-thin—sheets of bronze which look as if they have been torn or cut with scissors; they are like the rind of an orange which has been carefully removed in a single strip in order to preserve, in a wobbly form, the orange's shape. Here the shapes presented are those of animals and totems. Mirko has hit upon a very clever gimmick and used it to get some agreeably pretty and evocative effects.

If sculpture which lacks bulk need not be lightweight in mood, there are, of course, some sculptors who have used light, open forms as a means of conveying something lighthearted: Calder is one, and Reg Butler, in his early forged-iron constructions, another—I mean in his earliest constructions, the ones on a small scale, that resembled the insides of old clocks. I think that in these works Butler was a perfect miniaturist whose wit was not without serious implications. And that ever since then Butler, both in his later, larger constructions and in the Italian-style bronze figures that have followed, has been the comedian playing Hamlet, or Macbeth, or Romeo.

Butler's present exhibition at the Hanover presents some Dionysian effigies of the female form. The statistics are very vital. Only the figures are not. It is as if the artist had worked out an idea of one portion of the female anatomy after another and then pieced these ideas together. He has not managed to convey the fact that a woman's breasts are not a pair of permanent falsies, that her body is not made of vital statistics but is one indivisible whole in which the small of her back does not belong to a different order of existence from her behind.

Some of the smaller figures seem to me to achieve a certain unity, and at least one of them, the one in which the head is perched over on the right shoulder, is an image of much charm and imagination. Butler's weakness is simply that he will bite off more than he can chew. Morally, this may be an admirable trait; it argues courage. And, on the other hand, an absence of self-criticism: morally, the point is debatable. But not æsthetically. Here it is Mirko with his gimmick who is much the more admirable.

An artist can misuse his talent, as I think Butler does, by driving it too hard. Or he can do so by misunderstanding it, as I think Duncan Grant does. In Grant's exhibition at the Leicester, the large still life, *Flowers against Chintz*, shows his splendid control (not to say his individuality) as a decorator, and the sketch, *A Summer Morning*, the freshness of his observation. In almost everything else these qualities are submerged by the over-working of the picture into a ponderous statement of plasticity. There is no hint here of pretentiousness, only of an excess of earnestness. The very opposite of this was what spoiled the talent of Frank Brangwyn, a selection of whose early drawings is in another room at the Leicester: here the fault was a genius for debasing talent. The size of that talent is shown in three perfectly direct pencil drawings of a rat caught in a trap, drawings of a penetrating and poignant honesty. If only he had had taste, intelligence, anything to play the super-ego to his talent!

It is, of course, a sign of the times that an exceedingly talented painter like Brangwyn or Buffet cannot but debase his talent when he gets hold of a set of contemporary mannerisms and standardises them for purposes of mass-production. Before 1800 a painter could use his talent in this way without abusing it. But this is something that can only be done when there is a living tradition to carry the individual talent along with it and do much of the individual's thinking for him. Once the tradition has lost its impetus, the artist needs self-critical insight almost more than talent.

In the remaining room at the Leicester is a first exhibition of paintings by Miss Anne Dunn. For the most part, it's the landscapes dated '57 that give this show life and atmosphere. Yet these successes might have been achieved through a sensitive and intelligent appreciation of art—notably Tal Coat's art—coupled with a nice delicate touch. It is one of the less assured works, *Moorish Table*, that is conclusive in suggesting promise. There is real imagination in the way the shimmering flowers seem to be disintegrating although they are delineated with cool precision.

DAVID SYLVESTER

A Great Orchestra

FOR decades we have all firmly believed that the principal American orchestras could be classified in a fixed order of merit. Well ahead of the rest came a group of three: the Boston, the Philadelphia and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. Opinions might vary about the relative status of these three, and of course the existence of many other good orchestras in the United States was allowed; but it would have seemed eccentric to prefer, say, the Chicago Orchestra to that of Boston, or the Pittsburgh to that of Philadelphia.

It is time we revised our ideas. Things stay put even less in America than they do elsewhere; and the truth is that all three of these famous orchestras have passed into other hands since the days when they made their great reputations, and that not one of them now has at its head a first-rate conductor of the classical repertory. Munch at Boston excels in Berlioz and Ravel; Mitropoulos at New York in high-powered modern scores; Ormandy at Philadelphia in Rachmaninoff and the other late romantics. Each of these conductors, influenced perhaps by the fiercely competitive nature of American life, inclines to do with his orchestra what the old-fashioned type of prima donna was accused of doing with her voice: he

tends to cultivate rich tone and a stunning technical virtuosity for their own sakes, and to apply them like a standard wax polish to every type of musical wood, regardless of its peculiar grain and substance. Each is liable, for instance, to inflate Mozart, to rush Haydn off his feet, and to smarten up Beethoven within an inch of his life. It is one of the prime virtues of the Cleveland Orchestra, who made a solitary English appearance during their present European tour at the Festival Hall on May 10 under their regular conductor, George Szell, that their brilliance is entirely subordinated to strictly musical considerations. They play with the loving spontaneity of a fine European orchestra, as well as with the discipline, blend and unanimity characteristic of America.

The evening was a sustained triumph for the Cleveland players, and for Mr. Szell, the admirable musician who has been their Director since 1946. No finer orchestral playing has yet been heard in the Festival Hall, and I doubt whether anything superior is to be heard anywhere else. The particular glory of this orchestra is the smoothness, fullness and golden texture of its string tone. Passages which almost always sound harsh or scrawny came through with a comely bloom even in the far from flattering acoustics of the Festival Hall; and the theme of the finale of Brahms's First Symphony flowed like a majestic river. The woodwind is firm and clear, there is a masterly tympanist, and the brass choir is notable for its solid resonance. The horns use a little more bray in their tone than I quite like; but in the Alpine calls of the Brahms symphony this rustic timbre was picturesque and entirely appropriate. Such was the applause after the symphony that the orchestra gave us Berlioz's Hungarian March as an encore, playing now with a whiplash brilliance and bite which contrasted amazingly with their broad solidity in Brahms and Beethoven. Leon Fleisher was the soloist in the Emperor Concerto; his performance was delightfully relaxed and easy, even in the finale which he took at a fair lick. One American composition was included, an early piece (*Music for a Scene from Shelley*) by Samuel Barber; though of no great moment, it was pleasingly romantic, and made one wish to hear these players in something more substantial from their own country. But it would be a joy to hear them again in anything whatsoever, for they bring a freshness and exhilaration rare in our musical life.

Exhilaration was a quality sadly absent from Covent Garden's *Rigoletto*, played with that long and awkward break after the brief first scene which effectively kills initial tension. In the title role Otakar Kraus gave a painfully unmusical performance; Richard Verreau, a newcomer, showed some promise as the Duke and improved as the evening advanced; but Edward Downes ought to know better than to take him through "Questa o quella" at so fast and rigid a tempo. Joan Sutherland sang prettily and accurately, but to my taste very coldly, as Gilda.

A four weeks' season of Italian opera at the Stoll began on Monday with a performance, the first in London for 32 years, of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Donizetti's romantic tragedy, once so popular as to seem to our fathers dreadfully hackneyed and trivial, has by now acquired the status of a neglected minor classic. The performance, under Vincenzo Bellezza, was a little rough, but spirited and enjoyable; the Sextet had to be repeated. In *Lucia* much depends on the heroine. Virginia Zeani is a characteristic modern Italian soprano, with no great agility or tonal consistency and with modest ideas about style; her softer notes are round and pleasing, and there was an appealing pathos and simplicity about her interpretation, especially in the Mad Scene, which as usual brought down the house. Giacinto Prandelli was a plausible Edgardo, who phrased his music with taste, but his voice tired before the final scene. Enzo Sordello displayed a strong baritone as the villainous Lord Henry Ashton. The chorus, from Trieste, behaved as though the opera were as strange to them as to us;' the efficient orchestra was our own Royal Philharmonic; the scenery was pretty and picturesque. In fact, it was the sort of performance one would thoroughly enjoy in Padua or Palermo; so why not also at the Stoll?

As for *La Bohème* on the following night, it was the best performance we have had for years, with a warm, upstanding Marcello (Ezio Achilli), a dashing Musetta (Ondina Otto) and an entrancing, firm-voiced Mimi (Renata Scotto). The Rodolfo (Antonio Annaloro) was weaker; but the L.S.O. played admirably under Wolf-Ferrari.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Big Films and Little

SOMETIMES I like my films big, sometimes little: this has nothing, or not much, to do with size of screen. Bigness is panache, and certain forms of it can be irresistible—for example, *Funny Face*. This is pure Hollywood to the joy of all. Not so *Boy on a Dolphin* (Carlton)—not at any rate for me. Here again are starlight, swagger, sex appeal, landscape showing off in colour. The same Greek island which captured us in the austerity of *A Girl in Black* now spreads its sandy glare; café terraces open; there are trips to the Parthenon; promontories frown down on a sumptuous yacht; we dive into the blue waters well stocked with refulgent fish and archaic treasure.

All this, I may say, is dazzling: those who have been there wish they were there now (I seem to catch a deep sigh from Miss Powell seated a couple of rows ahead); those who have never been experience for a moment the illusion of being. But the trouble is *they* come, too; and *they* take more and more of the limelight.

They, in this case, are Mr. Alan Ladd and Mr. Clifton Webb. There ought to have been a law against Mr. Ladd going to Greek islands, but there wasn't. Fresh—if that's the word—from night-clubs, the Civil War, pioneering days, he's here as an archæologist; and, boy, does he archæologise! Without having batted an eyelid—he must be the only screen actor who never has—he snares the furious love of the one beautiful, savage, half-clad treasure-diving beauty (Sophia Loren) on the island. I admit I very much preferred Miss Loren to Mr. Ladd, but I'm afraid she's one of them, too.

Mr. Clifton Webb has gradually become my *bête noire*. I preferred M. Menjou's line when young. As a suave master Mr. Webb sank finally, for me, in the *Titanic*, where he played one of his sour-creamiest roles. Since, I have dreaded his every appearance, and it is no surprise to me that in *Boy on a Dolphin* he should be a witty and crooked art-dealer with a yacht. The surprise would be if he wasn't. But here everything has the *anangke* of bigness, and only the side spaces of the screen save it from banality.

The English makers of *The Steel Bayonet* (Leicester Square) went no farther than Salisbury Plain for Tunisia, and have done far better. I don't know why we have to go on looking back so to the war—presumably because there our undramatic genius had full play—but there it is, and our mild toughness and decency and heroism that will never be known comes up for praise every other week. *The Steel Bayonet* is certainly among the better ones and, taking one very small incident, harks back to the faithfulness we sometimes (in films) achieved during the war. Leo Genn is a resigned Major, Kieron Moore a doomed but latently playful captain of artillery, Michael Medwin a nervously cocky lieutenant—one of the very few who will walk out of this blithely sacrificed position. (All the blitheness, needless to say, coming from a remote general.) The terseness of this grim incident is preserved, and it has the advantage over American films of the kind that no one plays the mouth-organ or brings out snaps of the wife and kiddies. This is a "little" film—the only kind we do well.

The National Film Theatre gave last week a

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première to *The Devil's General*, a film out of West Germany. This relates laboriously but with a growing fascination the decline of a German Air Marshal who is not a Nazi. With his wit and his "popularity," his parties, his love affairs—the last with a charming young girl (Maria Koch)—he belongs nowhere. At last the Gestapo get him. The film gives a vivid picture of Berlin high circles during the war, only slightly vitiated by the good-German cult that has grown up since. Zuckmayer's play, from which it was taken, did not press the virtuous pedal so hard.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

You Couldn't See the Wood . . .

THE higher our expectations climb, the harder they fall. Thinking it out coolly beforehand, one should have realised that there was no reason to expect *Under Milk Wood* to be as suitable for television as for the sound-radio for which it was originally written. But those big panels in the *Radio Times*, and all the other preliminary ballyhoo, have their intended effect in putting us in a respectful and appreciative mood.

Of course, being what it is, it was far more worth spending time on than nine-tenths of the stuff put out on either channel; and—especially at the beginning, when Captain Catt was drowning in his dreams—there were some effective visual tricks. But the production as a whole seemed to me to be a noble failure. It was like Tree's *Midsummer Night's Dream*—wild thyme, rabbits and all. Something is lost, not added, when a work of fantasy, conceived in words, is illustrated pictorially and the imagination is deprived of its job.

Moreover, because there are some things that even television cannot illustrate, we were sometimes left hovering uneasily between imagination and sight. "The owls are hunting—look, one swoops and catches a mouse." We looked. What! no owl? But on sound-radio we had indeed seen that owl.

These breakdowns in communication (and I am not referring to the unfortunate technical hiatus, the discomfort of which was aggravated by the smarmy, soothing-the-kiddies voice of the lady announcer) meant also that we did not succumb so readily to the poet's hypnotic power. This medium disclosed a certain monotony in the writing. The climaxes seemed insufficiently important, the constant changes from character to character—acceptable on sound—became tiresomely obtrusive, like a gossip-column written entirely in paragraphs two lines long. I reflected that Auden had exploited the possibilities of the catalogue as an incantation even more cunningly than Dylan Thomas, and wondered how *The Orators* would do for television, but with mainly abstract visual effects. But the main point is that if Thomas had been writing *Under Milk Wood* for television, he would have written it differently; and I can't help thinking that he would have upbraided us blasphemously for watching it instead of listening to *The Goon Show*, which was on sound-radio at the same time.

It is too soon yet for a considered judgment on so momentous an innovation as school television. The BBC service for schools begins, logically, at the start of the new school-year, in September; ITV jumped in ahead, experimentally, last Monday, but an Associated Rediffusion spokesman assured me that, when the BBC is in operation also, there will be "no competition or clashing at all." Times will be arranged so that a school could, if it wished, make full use of both channels. The main difficulty may be to fit even half-an-hour's television a day into the crowded timetable. The headmistress of Priory County Secondary Modern School, Acton, Miss Marjorie Cooke, said to me after Monday's broadcast: "I like some of the subjects they're dealing with—the careers series, for instance, and *People Among Us* [foreigners in Britain]; but we've got examinations coming along."

This is a school with a singularly happy atmosphere. ("Well, actually it's known as one of the top six schools in Middlesex," said 16-year-old Gillian Tew, the games captain, a positive, jolly redhead with spectacles and a healthy flush.) The big window was shaded in the room in which fifty of the girls, in their neat white blouses, sat watching intently as this new epoch in education opened. The paintings on the pale green walls showed that some of them already had a vivid and exact sense of observation; but training in observation is the single object of the Monday series, *Looking and Seeing*. Viewers were taken for a walk through Covent Garden market, and shown how much they might have missed; but they learned nothing "academic" about the distribution of fruit and vegetables. Instead, they saw still-lifes of fruit by old masters (not all named) and by Duncan Grant; colour was badly needed here. The definition was not quite sharp enough for some of these: a bee of which the commentary made a special point could hardly be made out. The sound of the 21-inch set (provided by the TV company) seemed slightly muffled. This was deliberate: attention is thought to be keener if the viewer has to concentrate on listening, too.

Afterwards one of the girls, 16-year-old Movita Jenkins, made the sensible criticism, "You can't ask questions." But it will be the teacher's job to introduce and follow-up each programme, and the TV company provides some briefing for teachers. Regular academic subjects are avoided. Miss Cooke told me that most of the 500 girls in the school would have liked to see the Tuesday programme, *The Ballad Story*.

ITV school television has been planned with much better taste and discrimination than many people expected (except that, after all, those associated with it include Mr. Boris Ford and Sir John Wolfenden). But I agreed with Miss Cooke when she said that she wouldn't make up her mind about it until eight weeks hence.

TOM DRIBERG

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Correspondence

AFRICANS AND SETTLERS

SIR,—Mr. Dobson's letter in your issue of May 11 on the subject of the Tanganyika African National Union completely misrepresents the situation in this trust territory. Tanganyika is regarded by many of us as the main hinge of race relations in British Africa. It is therefore profoundly disturbing to see revealed a complete lack of imagination and understanding in the government service responsible for public relations.

Mr. Dobson makes the astounding admission that the government has banned Julius Nyerere from speaking at public meetings because his previous speeches "included passages which could well have aggravated race relations and could well cause breaches of the peace." This surely comes dangerously close to an imitation of the policy of the South African government. The Tanganyikan government had not apparently then had the courage to say which passages in these speeches endanger either race relations or public order.

Moreover, it has now been revealed in the House of Commons that what alarmed the government was the tone and delivery of Mr. Nyerere's speeches rather than their content. This equivocal attitude strongly suggests that the Tanganyikan government, with the backing of the Colonial Office, has declared a vendetta on Mr. Nyerere, but has really no evidence to justify it. Those of us who have known Julius Nyerere for some time, and have studied his movement and its effect on the Tanganyika people, have been amazed that African nationalism can be led into such a co-operative and good-humoured character. It is indeed something unique in the African continent.

I would therefore ask Mr. Dobson publicly to answer three questions: first, what evidence is there that any of Mr. Nyerere's speeches have ever gone beyond the legitimate scope of a politician? Second, what public disorder has even been shown at or following Mr. Nyerere's meetings, and when has there been incitement to law-breaking at such meetings? Third, whatever may be the actual membership of T.A.N.U., is it doubted by the Tanganyika government that this organisation represents more than any other the present political outlook of Tanganyikan Africans?

It cannot be overemphasised that the government's attitude to T.A.N.U. is gravely jeopardising the real possibility which exists in this territory to show an example to multi-racial Africa. The African nationalist movement is moderate in its demands and co-operative with other races. It bases its policy on democratic ideas, and openly welcomes the continued domicile of the other races, provided they do not claim special privileges. The Tanganyika government has the opportunity to avoid having to be taught the lesson of other parts of Africa: i.e., nationalism can be a constructive and progressive movement if it is not embittered by stupid suppression.

JOHN HATCH

Sutton, Surrey.

THE DILEMMA OF THE DOCTOR

SIR,—As a general practitioner who supports the National Health Service and wants to see it working satisfactorily for both doctors and the public, I am much disturbed by the undercurrent of hostility to doctors in your article on "The Dilemma of the Doctors." Perhaps a simple and factual reminder of what a doctor's life and conditions of work are like may help to dispel some of that hostility.

The first fact to be noted is that a doctor in the service who earns the much-advertised figure of £2,222 net a year must have a full list of 3,500 patients and *look after them alone*. If he employs an assistant the net income is reduced by at least £1,000, the expenses increase, *and* there is a corresponding loss of superannuation benefits.

The doctor working alone with a full list cannot increase his income by other appointments. He has no time to do so, for he must, to get through his work, be actually dealing with patients—and that, I

should remind you, means dealing with other people's troubles—for about 13 hours a day six days a week and a good part of every Sunday. At the end of each day, or before it begins, he has a mass of clerical work which he personally must do—letters to hospital, writing up treatment record cards, preparing the visiting list for the day, and so on. When the long day is over, he is on call during every night, and is very often called out. It is thus rather hard to swallow the suggestion that there is something a little unsavoury if a doctor occasionally uses the emergency call service for a night and treats the cost as a "practice expense." What else is it?

Meanwhile, in the doctor's home, scarcely any meal is ever eaten undisturbed; living rooms are surrendered for offices or waiting rooms or filing cabinets; the house can never be left unattended; even going into the garden on a summer afternoon is hazardous and involves elaborate arrangements for hearing the telephone or doorbells. If the doctor goes on holiday, he has to provide a locum at a minimum cost of 22 guineas a week plus car expenses, and organise his home for the locum by providing a housekeeper, feeding and lodging both locum and housekeeper. The members of the doctor's family, of course, provide compulsory unpaid help when paid attendants are off duty.

In addition to all this routine work and absence of personal freedom there is the heavy responsibility that goes with the job. Decisions involving life and death have to be made almost every day; and who is the first scapegoat if things go wrong?

During the 24 years I have been in general practice—only ten of which attract superannuation benefits—I calculate that I have already worked the equivalent of 40 years of any normal professional life. In all those years I have had a total of only seven months in which I have felt that my life was my own.

In my opinion the B.M.A. ought now to put in the background legalistic arguments about the Spens report and the Danckwerts award, and concentrate on the true basis of all wage negotiations—the doctors' hours and conditions of work. That is the only real basis for comparison with other professional people, none of whom is expected to work for 365 days in the year at a fixed rate of remuneration, irrespective of rises in the expenses and the cost of living.

"GENERAL PRACTITIONER"

[We do not deny that there are many doctors who are working very hard indeed. But there are also some who are not. Dr. Gill, in his letter last week, seemed unaware that the vast majority of pre-war panel patients were men and *young* women who do not make great demands upon their doctors. Less than 7 per cent of panel patients were pensioners. They saw their doctor about five times a year. This figure is, therefore, broadly comparable with the figure of 3½ times a year we quoted for 1949/50. If some doctors, like "General Practitioner," are doing much more than this for their patients, then others are doing much less. This reinforces our view that the present income-structure of the medical profession is unsatisfactory.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

HUNGARY REVISITED

SIR,—I have recently returned from a week's visit to Budapest, undertaken primarily to make contact with scientific circles there, with the Academy of Sciences and the Hungarian organisation of scientists and technicians, M.E.T.E.Sz. My object was to see whether anything could usefully be done to assist scientists in Hungary and to re-establish their links with scientists in this country.

I was able to see a large number of old friends, among them Professor Rusznyák, President of the Academy, Dr. Gillemot, Rector of the Technical University, Professor Janossy, Director of the Physical Institute, Dr. Straub, the famous biochemist, and many other working scientists. I also had the opportunity of two long evenings with George Lukacs, just returned from his exile. I was delighted to find him serene and cheerful and fully prepared to undertake what he considers now to be his major work, the analysis of the difficulties and problems of the building of Socialism in a war-threatened world. It will be interesting to see how he develops his ideas in the new philosophical journal which he is helping to edit.

From all these conversations, I learned something of the opinions and judgments of at least the scientific sector of Hungarian intellectuals. Naturally, I heard much of the October days and of people's experiences in them. Nearly all spoke both of the spontaneous revolt against intolerable conditions and of the well-planned counter-revolutionary coup which determined its outbreak, though their opinions varied as to the relative importance of these two factors. What impressed me specially was the evidence for the emergence of violent anti-semitism which seemed to be moving from the sporadic pogroms of the October days, with the marking of doors and the notices "Jew, you will not get as far as Auschwitz this time," towards a general massacre of Jews and Communists. I spoke to a woman whose husband and family had all been killed in Nazi camps, who said that after years of security she had felt again for those few days the old fear. Whether, if it had been allowed to last, the Nagy government would have been strong enough to stop this fascist trend, which has deep roots in Hungary, is a point which I have heard disputed, but from its nature it is one that can never really be settled.

All recognised, however, that the events in Hungary are not isolated but that the country has been, on account of its geographical position and recent history, a victim of the Cold War. They cannot expect any full recovery of the country's liberty and prosperity except as part of a European settlement which will make possible a withdrawal of military force on both sides. This, however, is still a distant prospect and the real problem is what can be done in Hungary now. In the circumstances one might expect that some might take up an irreconcilable position and refuse to co-operate with a government of which they did not approve. This, I gathered, has been the attitude of many writers and journalists but it was not represented among the 30 or so people I spoke to who were mostly scientists and engineers. There I found already less emphasis on the past and more on the future.

As for the present, as any observer can testify, material conditions are good. Most of the damage, which was largely to walls and windows, has already been repaired and here and there whole houses have been rebuilt. Supplies are plentiful owing partly to better relations with the peasants and partly to Soviet deliveries. Everyone I met realised, however, that this situation could not last, that there must be a return to a self-supporting economy, but they were enjoying it while it did, rather as we enjoyed life after the raids, as a physical relief from emotional tension. By the time I arrived, the curfew had been lifted, there were no military vehicles or armed patrols or Soviet troops to be seen. Indeed, a visitor who did not know what had happened would only begin to ask questions when he saw the ruins in the eighth and ninth districts.

In education and science the restoration is practically complete. All damage to the university has been made good. Classes have been going on since February and, with some adjustment of dates, the normal year's work will be completed. All, or nearly all, professors are at their posts, though some 15 per cent. of students are absent, mostly in the emigration. Research work is also in full swing though still suffering from a certain shortage of appartus and foreign scientific literature.

What, however, is mainly occupying the minds of scientists, technologists and economists is active planning for a new structure of industry and science which should avoid the main errors of the past. I discussed this with the new Director of Planning, Dr. Kiss, and some of his staff, as well as with the organisation of engineers. The main problem is how to change from an economy which tried to produce everything out of quite inadequate material and human resources, to one with more limited aims adapted to local products and traditions; in other words, how to change from an autarchic, big national economy to that of a small nation living by the export of the goods it is most suited to make—in the case of Hungary, aluminium, diesel engines and electrical equipment.

As in Poland, as described in Mr. Karol's recent article in the NEW STATESMAN, some of the difficulties of doing this are economic, involving the establishment of a Socialist price system that can be adjusted to world prices, and others are technical—how to produce enough energy from coal, electricity or atom power for the existing expanded industrial system. It seems that whatever the solution arrived at it will be one that seriously takes into account the opinions of experts which were often roughly set aside in the previous regime, with disastrous results. The watchwords now are the avoidance of "romanticism," such as the building of steel works where they are not wanted, and of "dilettantism," which means carrying on industry in defiance of all scientific advice. A new system of scientific research and development is being set up rather more on the British than the Soviet pattern, in that it will leave the Academy largely concerned with fundamental science.

The atmosphere in scientific circles is one of cautious optimism. Most scientists I met realise the difficult economic position of the country and the fact that a large number of the population still remain to be convinced that the new government will not follow the path of the old. Yet they think it is worth trying to create a viable economy, for failure to do so can only create more miseries and trouble which, in the present tense international situation, might well lead to a third world war. My own feeling is that, irrespective of any judgments on the political situation in Hungary, we should welcome any constructive efforts there and try at least to restore friendly contacts between the scientists of of our two countries.

J. D. BERNAL

21 Torrington Square,
W.C.1.

RADIATION HAZARDS

SIR,—It is desirable in the interests of fairness to comment on the speech of Lord Cherwell in the House of Lords the other day, in which he describes as muddle-headed cranks those who have been expressing fears that radiation from nuclear explosions may involve damage to the human race.

To the Editor:

Sir,

There was a time when ex-Presidents of the Cambridge Union could be regarded as reliable men. If Mr. Hugh Thomas persists in the reprehensible intention of publishing his novel THE WORLD'S GAME we shall all be given furiously to think.

It is not that there are any actual falsehoods in the book: I must confess that its picture of the world of diplomacy is, in detail, true. No, sir! what rankles is the impertinence of a young man who uses his undoubted personal knowledge of our Foreign Service (combined with a certain specious elegance of style) to arouse serious doubts as to the infallibility of that noble institution. If these dangerous misgivings gain credence, I fear we shall prove to have nursed an asp in our bosom.

I beg Mr. Thomas to remember while there is still time* the advice of my late friend M. Talleyrand:

"Surtout, pas trop de zèle"—which I may translate: "These things may be true, sir, but they should never have been said."

Yours etc.,

S.W.1. CONCERNED

* Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode inform me that we have only until May 23rd.

As a geneticist who is neither a Communist nor a fellow traveller and who has considered more than superficially the biological effects of various sorts of radiation, I wish to state categorically that, as a physicist with no knowledge of biology, Lord Cherwell may be classed with the Pope and Dr. Albert Schweitzer as not competent to express an opinion on radiation hazards. A similar comment might be made about some members of the Medical Research Council's committee appointed to look into this question.

The fact that the Tibetan population is able to breed at high altitudes apparently showing no ill effects from the increased cosmic radiation is irrelevant. Organic life on the earth has, through natural selection, become genetically buffered against the existing levels of radiation. But an increase in this level, even of small magnitude, might cause numbers of anti-mutability genes, which are at present holding down the existing mutation rate, to mutate. We might then get mutation on a large and violent scale in some forms of life. This might be partly an advantage in some species though probably not in our own. A further point of importance is that radiation from some types of nuclear explosion could cause mutation in pathenogenic organisms and perhaps viruses. If a new and more virulent race of rust of wheat arose in this way, it might sweep across the wheat growing areas of the world, and drastically reduce our bread supply for a long time. New human viruses might also arise.

This is not intended to frighten Lord Cherwell. It is just to ask him not to consider himself an expert on mutagenic agents and mutation effects when he isn't one. I, as a biologist, am very frightened indeed about radiation hazards, principally because I can imagine many kinds of unpleasant biological happenings in the future. And my fears are shared by many eminent geneticists who work in this field.

S. C. HARLAND

Department of Botany,
The University,
Manchester, 13

CHANG HSIN-HAI

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THE CASEMENT DIARIES

SIR,—Letitia Fairfield's examination of the Casement Diaries mystery is admirably balanced and civilised. Her point that if Casement should turn out to have been suffering from the sort of compulsive homosexuality indicated by the diaries his achievements seem not only not less but actually greater, has long needed to be made; and as one who, unlike Miss Fairfield, thinks there is a strong possibility that the diaries were faked, I am delighted to see the so-called Normand diary dismissed at last to the realm of wishful recollection on the part of Casement's friends to which I am sure it has always belonged. I am glad, too, that she has rejected Mr. Noyes's use of Dr. H. S. Dickey's affidavit (sworn 27 years after the alleged event to which it refers). A study of Casement's evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons investigating the Putumayo revelations in 1913 makes it clear that this incident could not have taken place. It therefore seems a great pity that on the next most important point of all to the main one of whether or not the diaries *were* faked—i.e. whether or not the diaries *could* have been faked—she has confused the issue.

I have typed copies of the two volumes to which she refers in front of me as I write. It is true that "looking at the obscene passages one asks 'Could this have been Casement?'" But Miss Fairfield continues "Looking at the remainder one says 'It could not have been anyone else.'" This is true if "it" means the remainder, but the implication in this sentence is that it is the obscene passages, too, which one feels could not have been written by anyone else. This implication is the opposite of the truth. It is the fantastic contrast between the ordinary everyday 95 per cent. of the diaries which undoubtedly could only have been written by Casement and the 5 per cent. obscenity which immediately makes one wonder if the homosexual passages were not interpolated by someone else.

Now the matter of interpolation into a typed copy of a diary is, of course, child's play. But Miss Fairfield says she accepts these copies as authentic because (1) they correspond with Duggan's description of the originals as shown to him by Birkenhead in 1921 (this is substantially correct), and (2) because "if they were not true copies one would have to believe that some unknown criminal forged two sets of diaries for no obvious reason." But one wouldn't. One would only have to believe that a forger, by means of occasional erasion and the judicious use of gaps, interpolated into the originals these few obscene passages and that an ordinary typist copied them into the typed copies.

My supposition that this is in fact what happened (in the light of the Home Office's curious refusal to produce the originals there can only be supposition in this matter) is based on three facts, apart from the usual ambient facts brought forward—such as the mystery of how Casement escaped detection in his lifetime. These three facts are:

(1) That so many of the short homosexual entries occur either at the beginning of a day, where one might expect a gap in the original, or at a point where one might have expected a new paragraph to have been started in the original, or at the end of a day where a gap also might be expected;

(2) That many of the homosexual entries bear a vague relation to a perfectly harmless trivial diary phrase which has just preceded them;

(3) That I have read in manuscript in the National Library of Ireland an unpublished manuscript diary of Casement's last weeks in Germany, together with many other unpublished manuscript notes of his, and there is not one word in all of these that bears any relationship either in content or in style to the inconsistent 5 per cent. of homosexual passages in the diary.

ROBERT KEE.

14, Percy Street,
W.1.

PERILS OF HYPERGAMY

SIR,—Really, Mr. Bernard Harrison is very unfair to Mr. Kingsley Amis. If Mr. Amis' talents merely consisted in poking fun at the quaintnesses and affectations of sections of the middle class, he would be no more considerable than the *Punch*-type writers of 30 years ago who did the same thing about sections of the working class (plumbers, maid servants, lazy workmen, etc., etc.). Fortunately, Mr. Amis is much less narrow than Mr. Harrison suggests. Indeed, Mr. Harrison appears to have misunderstood Mr. Amis' novels nearly as thoroughly as he did my article; but a snob who considers all virtues or qualities are confined to his own social class (" my funny working-class regard for intellectual integrity ") will obviously have difficulty in accepting the fact that it may be possible to treat *all* social classes objectively, as I attempted in my article, or satirically, as English novelists have done from Smollett and Dickens to Amis and Braine.

Haywards Heath. GEOFFREY GORER

SIR,—

I'm only a middle-class maiden
With an intellect tiny, it's true,
But I've met a Young Man Anger-laden:
Mummy had such a fit when she knew.

He wants to commit hypergamy:
I'm sure I don't know what it means.
Though his hand as it clasps mine is clammy,
His mind beats as it sweeps as it cleans.

Mummy says it will end in disaster—
Jimmy Porter inspired that refrain—
That he'll worship my skin alabaster
And sneer at my middle-class brain.

LINDA MARTIN

J'ACCUSE

SIR,—Mr. Howard reviews Noel Monks's book on the Admiral North case and concludes that there is little or no hope of Admiral North's obtaining justice by clearing his name. Mr. Howard's reasons for this conclusion seem incontrovertible. Admiral North has had it; and what he had had is one of the occupational risks of the profession of arms—more fool he who takes up that profession. I myself was rather ridiculously caught up in Churchill's "Cairo purge" and though I was a lowly figure with no great career before me, I know in a lesser degree something of the sense of shame and ignominy attached to the experience. But other men are in your shoes; overnight you are Ishmael; you have had it. The question then is, how does one take whatever one has had? Either one can be a ghost around one's old associations and a discomfort to one's former associates, seeking sympathy or redress, or one can close that book finally. I suggest that the latter is the better course; we have scriptural sanction if we shake off "the dust of your feet."

Still and all, it is distinctly bad for the public service that men can be treated like Admiral North, and he is not alone; for who is going to take up a profession in which such things can happen and all redress be refused? It is bad enough to face the enemy in front without the fear of a stab in the back. The worst thing about the North case is its possible effect on those of the next generation who might consider making a profession in the armed services. Not justice but expediency appears to demand that some sort of justice should seem to be done to Admiral North and others like him whose ultimate uniform is sackcloth and ashes.

Bellamont Forest. E. DORMAN O'GOWAN
Cootehill, Co. Cavan.

SUSPENSE

SIR,—I had just re-read Conrad's last and unfinished novel of the Napoleonic era, *Suspense*, when I saw your brief review of the *Memoirs of the Contesse de Boigne*. The early life, and conditions of marriage, the dates—even the first name of Conrad's fictional character Adèle d'Armand—later Countess de Monteresso—correspond fairly closely with those of the real Contesse de Boigne as outlined in your review. Is it known whether Conrad used these memoirs as source material for his novel? If so where can further information as to this be obtained?

4646 Grisham Ave., ROBERT W. HOUSLEY
Long Beach 5, California.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Straw Without Bricks

In a foreword Mr. Watson describes his book* as "an undertaking, against his (Housman's) will but in emulation of his own search for truth, to exhume the pattern, half-obliterated like a Roman pavement, of his buried life." The investigation of a man's private life can, perhaps, be justified if the findings enable us to judge and understand better his public acts, which, in Housman's case, mean his poems and his work in Classical Philology. It can also afford the reader a certain guilty enjoyment, like reading the *News of the World*, if the facts revealed are sufficiently spicy, but they must be documented facts, not conjectures.

On neither ground, however, is Housman a suitable victim. There have been few poets in history as incapable as he of "dramatising" their personal experiences, of projecting them into characters and situations which bear no obvious relation to their original source. Whenever Housman tried to disguise himself as somebody else, as a heterosexual rustic or a soldier, the result was, poetically, a failure. Most of his best poems are perfectly straightforward hymns to one or other of his three Muses, The Dead Mother (the topographical poems like "Far in a western brookland" or "Tell me not here, it needs no saying"), The Cruel Friend ("The Merry Guide" and most of the "You" poems), or The Uniformed Stranger ("In valleys green and still"). In these, what Housman "really felt" is stated without any concealment, and the only thing a biographer can tell us is that the Cruel Friend was Moses Jackson. If, like most poetry, they sometimes exhibit ambiguities and ambivalent feelings, it is knowledge of poetry and the ways in which language is used, not biographical information, that is needed to clarify the meaning. If I say, for example, that in the assassinated Satan of "Hell Gate," Housman combines, by a process of condensation so common in dreams, "the household traitor" and the Mrs. Grundy who sends him to prison "for the colour of his hair", and that the "finery of fire" in which Ned, the sentry, is dressed and which dies after his revolt signifies, among other things, both the sexual desire of the lover and the sexual charms of the beloved which are the cause of that desire, or if I say that the couplet

> Where you would not, lie you must,
> Lie you must and not with me—

is as much the expression of an aggressive vengeance on "hearts that loved me not again" as it is one of sympathetic regret, my statements are based upon a study of the poems, not upon anything I may know or imagine about Housman as a person.

As for our prurient curiosity, and I fear that most of us have wondered, like E. M. Forster, "whether Professor Housman ever tasted of those stolen waters which he recommends so ardently to others," neither Mr. Watson nor any other biographer has yet been able to gratify it. Mr. Watson speaks of "missing letters and other unpublished material from which quotation was forbidden" which might provide a definite answer, but on the available evidence, we are left with unprovable conjecture. (The most plausible, to my mind, is that he did not.)

I have always thought that Housman would make an admirable model for a novelist to use for a fictional character, because the essential structure of his personality was so unusually clear. He was one of those rare people whose skeleton, so to speak, was always showing, and this is just what a novelist finds stimulating, a solid ground upon which he can build the body of his imaginary details.

One of the salient differences between the "neurotic" and the "normal" man—and normal means little more than someone who has learned to live on good terms with his neuroses—is that the latter can hide his thoughts and feelings from others if he wants to, while the former cannot. The inner life of the neurotic is always projecting itself into external symptoms which are symbolic but decipherable confessions. The savagery of Housman's scholarly polemics, which included the composition of annihilating rebukes before he had found the occasion and victim to deserve them, his obsession with punctuation beyond the call of duty, are as revealing as if he had written pornographic verse.

But the very traits which make him a good subject for a novelist, who is concerned with creating a possible being, make him a bad subject for a biographer, who is concerned with an actual one. I am not surprised, therefore, that Mr. Watson has succumbed again and again to the temptation to employ subjunctives, "he may have," "perhaps he," "it must have been," etc., phrases which a novelist does not need to use and a biographer is forbidden to use. Thus, speaking of Housman's second, and last, creative outburst in April, 1922, he writes:

> . . . the process was a laggard rather than a spontaneous one that must have required, for its climactic phase, some aggressive external prod; and about this time, as it happened, the kind of message that would be sure to cause such an emotional disturbance may have reached Housman from Vancouver. . . . Jackson was being driven to overtax his strength at an age when the sturdiest bodies are liable to collapse; and by 1922, he had already begun to manifest the symptoms of a disorder that was to grant him no reprieve. Thus, overshadowed by the presentiment if not the knowledge of his own impending death, he would have been likely to seek consolation from the friend whose tenderness had come at last to seem not unacceptable; and receiving a signal at once so urgent yet so conclusive, Housman could reply, at a distance of ten thousand miles, with nothing more than a gift of words drawn from his almost, but not quite, exhausted supply.

This, apart from the prose style, would be a perfectly appropriate entry in the note-book of our hypothetical novelist and the result, in his novel, of such cogitations, would be a chapter containing the necessary letters and emotional reactions of his two characters, as interesting and moving as his imagination could make them. But what right has Mr. Watson, as a biographer, to make such suggestions for which he can offer no documentary evidence whatsoever?

Oddly enough, when dealing with the first period of "continuous excitement" in the first half of 1895, he mentions the fact of Edward Housman's death in December, 1894, but does not hazard a guess that this is significant—which I should have thought, if a biographer is ever allowed to make guesses, was a legitimate occasion.

Another question of interest is why Housman should have chosen, for his "enduring monument," the study of poets whom he did not like. Even his fellow scholar and friend A. S. Gow seems to have been a little puzzled.

> Lucan and Manilius were certainly not chosen because they were special favourites. For he made no pretence of admiring them, wrote of the first that his vocabulary was as commonplace as his versification, and called the second a facile and frivolous poet, the brightest facet of whose genius was an eminent aptitude for doing sums in verse. Presumably he saw in these two more opportunity than in Propertius of displaying his special gifts, and more hope of approaching finality in the solution of the problems presented, but one cannot help regretting that he abandoned a great and congenial poet on whom so much time had already been lavished.

The last of his published papers on Propertius appeared in 1895. Housman's assertion in his Cambridge Inaugural that the scholar "has no more concern with the merits of the literature with which he deals than Linnaeus or Newton with the beauties of the countryside or of the starry heavens" is a suspiciously over-dramatic way of saying that the scholar's question is "What did this poet actually write here?", not "What ought he to have written?", still less "What would I have written?"

One cannot help feeling that, in addition to whatever opportunities the texts of Lucan and Manilius offered to the scholar, they had the further advantage, unlike Propertius, of arousing no painful emotional associations. On this matter, one would like a biographer to ascertain exactly when Housman made the transcription of Propertius, with apparatus, which was found among his papers after his death. This may be an impossible task, but Mr. Watson shows no sign of having tried.

His biography, however, is a work of love, not a hack job, and no book so written can be quite worthless. His account of Housman's family background and childhood is full, convincing and illuminating, and he provides some information which is new, at least to me. I am grateful to him for telling me that, when the first volume of Manilius appeared, Housman hired the services of a press-cutting agency, and for a scene as appalling as anything in *The Last Laugh* or *The Blue Angel*—it makes me want to bellow—

> . . . when Jackson did infrequently revisit his native land, at intervals of five years or more, their encounters were confined to those brief holidays, snatched from their normal pursuits, during which the most dignified of men incongrously revert to their antic youth. One such occasion, as Pollard remembered it, was enlivened by that rudimentary practical joke—the apple-pie bed—of which "I think the Professor of Latin was a fellow victim, though I'm not quite sure that he wasn't an aggressor."

* *A. E. Housman: A Divided Life.* By George L. Watson. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*

I am also grateful to Mr. Watson for making me re-read all of Housman's poems, something I had not done for many years. It has often been said that Housman is a poet of adolescence, and this is fair enough as long as this judgment is not meant to imply, as it usually is, that nobody over the age of twenty-one can or should enjoy reading him. To grow up does not mean to outgrow either childhood or adolescence but to make use of them in an adult way. But for the child in us, we should be incapable of intellectual curiosity; but for the adolescent, of serious feeling for other individuals. I can imagine a person who had "outgrown" both, though I have never met one; he would be a completely social official being with no personal identity. All that a mature man can give his child and adolescent in return for what they keep giving him are humility, humour, charity and hope. He will never teach them to despise any strong passion, however strange and limited, or to reject a poet, like Housman, who gives it utterance.

W. H. AUDEN

All in a Day's Work

Over head, under foot,
Sails the branch, swims the root.

One hand snatches at the flight
Of the wildest bird in the sun's night.

The other hand rests in brotherhood
On some sleek glad servant of the Lord.

And always the heart peals, tolls,
Singing victories, births, and burials,

Whilst swing the tides, shift the sands,
And grave-cloths strew the heavenly winds——

FRANCES BELLERBY

Song

Aircraft across the iron sky
No longer ploughshare down to land
Upon the burnt out plain. High
The ruined hangar walls still stand,
High the abandoned cage of steel
Once scaffold for the central block.
Sole fruit of that lost wealth and zeal
This blackened frame, these husks of rock.

Vanning the iron sky unheard
But fireworked in gold, vermilion, white,
Floats a sky-long paradise bird;
Spread-finger-winged it brakes its flight
Upon the soaring central strut;
So wide and yet so flimsily
Drapes its frail plumes, it half seems that
The bird cages the aviary.

The paradise bird begins to sing,
Timid and harsh at first, then clear,
And squeals its liquid carolling
Into the windless frost. Here
High on the planet, winter is long
And fierce; but sprung up from the south,
The great bird cries so keen and clear
It seems its heart is in its mouth.

I stand upon the snow-pocked soil
Shivering; yet through my ear is ringing
The carillon of that raptured toil,
Harvest of pure unceasing singing
Where dusk and daybreak never assuage
A thirst engendering in a throat
A cadence making metal cage
Mere strut, mere stave, for living note.

JOHN HOLLOWAY

Power, Charm and Gold

Lord Norman. By HENRY CLAY. *Macmillan*. 36*s*.

Montagu Norman had too great power and for too long a time. Since he has passed from the scene, and since the Bank of England has been nationalised, there has been no British financier who even faintly rivals his stature and his influence in his prime. Nor, within the changed shape of the relationship between Westminster, Whitehall and the City, could his performance be repeated. A second Montagu Norman would not be tolerated.

He was Governor of the Bank of England for a generation from 1920 to 1944. Before his appointment the normal term of office was two years. He avoided the crude insolence of his predecessor Cunliffe, which led to a demand from Bonar Law (then Chancellor) for the Governor's resignation, and a threat from Lloyd George (then Prime Minister) to "take over the Bank." By much more skilful methods Norman raised his own prestige and that of the Bank, both at home and abroad, to amazing heights. The Bank, as he saw it, was to be independent both of the politicians and the Treasury officials. The relation of the Bank to the Government was to be that of banker and customer; the Bank would give advice, but would not take orders. This relation is made clear by Norman's repeated refusal, as stubborn as Cunliffe's, but more tactful, to accept guidance from the Chancellor on the subject of Bank Rate. All Chancellors in turn, Cunliffe and Norman complained, favoured too cheap money. Churchill, new to the Treasury, had in December, 1925, telephoned to Norman protesting against a proposed increase in Bank Rate "and threatening to state in the House of Commons that such increase had been made without his having been consulted and against his wishes." "Such action on the part of a Chancellor," Norman told his colleagues at the Bank, "seemed to be without precedent." But Churchill caved in, and we find him afterwards assuring Parliament that "decisions in regard to alterations in the Bank Rate are taken by the Bank of England on its sole responsibility."

In unemployment Norman was curiously uninterested. He showed little compassion for its effects and little comprehension of its causes. He dwelt on a different planet from the unemployed. And he distrusted theoretical arguments which linked the level of unemployment with the amount of credit allowed by bankers, or with the level of the rate of interest. He was a bad witness before the Macmillan Committee, where Bevin, Keynes and McKenna harried him into evasive incoherence. "He deliberately refused to generalise," says his biographer, "and explained his action as a series of responses to particular market situations which were never quite the same." This helps to explain his bad advice to return in 1925 to the gold standard at the pre-war parity. Moreover, we are told, "he did not regard unemployment as falling within his field of responsibility or power of control. Hence he did not express himself upon it, either in public or in his private discussions with colleagues."

But in the nineteen-twenties he did interest himself in some depressed British industries—iron and steel, shipbuilding and cotton. He financed, out of the Bank's reserves, "rationalisation" schemes, to buy up and scrap "redundant capacity," but with no plan for alternative work for the labour left stranded and unemployed. The sites of "redundant capacity," *e.g.*, shipyards, were also bought, with a legal condition imposed that they were not again to be used for their old purpose. All negative, nothing positive and constructive: it was such wicked one-eyed restrictionism which brought to Jarrow famine and fame. From these schemes also, as from banking proper, he wished to keep the Government out, "to relieve the Government of the necessity for intervention," as Sir Henry Clay puts it.

Norman wished to see Central Banks in all countries, like his own vision of the Bank of England, all "non-political," independent of governments, strong guardians of sound banking practice. He planned a Bankers' International, a Central Bank of Central Banks. With the support of American bankers, he would dominate it. Bankers of the World Unite! You have nothing to lose but your politicians; you have a world to rationalise! But this plan, of which the Bank for International Settlements was to be the instrument, came to grief. It was the crazy dream of a deflationist dictator, remote from the domestic facts of economic life; a defiance of democracy; a nightmare for the common people, who are the victims of monetary misjudgment and mismanagement. Nor was Norman quite so "non-political" as he pretended. He had a strong anti-French streak. He preferred working with Schacht.

Norman loved power and sought it. His great weapon, as many diverse witnesses testify, was overwhelming personal charm. Snowden, most easily led of all his Chancellors, declares in his *Autobiography* that Norman "might have stepped out of the frame of a portrait of a handsome courtier of the Middle Ages . . . . One of the kindliest natures and most sympathetic hearts it has been my privilege to know." And a friend of mine tells me that even Keynes, going in fierce-faced, determined on a severe official interview with the Governor, came out after ten minutes confessing "he mashed me completely."

Sir Henry Clay did not live to finish this book. Most of it is his, though others, unnamed, have added postscripts. It is a rather flat record, and monotonously defensive of Norman. Some awkward points of controversy are smothered in slow narrative. And that overwhelming personal charm is blanketed too.

HUGH DALTON

Corking Painter of the Old Mug, He

John Singer Sargent. By CHARLES MERRILL MOUNT. *Cresset*. 30*s*.

For twenty years and more Sargent was the most fashionable portrait painter in the English-speaking world. He covered innumerable canvases with the likenesses of peers and peeresses, plutocrats and Presidents of the United States; he received the Legion of Honour from France and an invitation to paint the Kaiser from Germany; he was pressed to become President of the Royal Academy; he was summoned to Buckingham Palace to make a drawing of Edward VII on his deathbed; and he was amply rewarded financially. In those spacious Edwardian days he charged 2,000 guineas for a full-length oil, and the price rose later to 10,000. For a "mug" (as he liked to call the human face in his homely vocabulary), which he could knock off in charcoal before luncheon, his fee was 500 dollars. Yet there was some flaw in his success. Towards the end of his career this consummate practitioner in the art of portrait-painting announced, with loathing in his voice, "I *hate* to paint portraits." And the most discerning art critic of the time, Roger Fry, declared, with equal emphasis, that Sargent did not even deserve to be regarded as an artist. Sargent's dubious status in the art-world still remains to be clarified thirty years after his death; and it was to be hoped that a new life of him might lead to some interesting conclusions. But Mr. Mount, though a portrait-painter himself and a disciple of Sargent in that *genre*, dare not venture a toe into the quicksands of æsthetics. His biography is concerned with the remarkable record of his hero's achievements, not with their value in the eyes of posterity.

Sargent was born in Florence in 1856, the only son of expatriate and rather feckless American parents, who spent their lives wandering round Europe. As a child he revealed a precocious talent for drawing, which his father and mother were naturally delighted to encourage, and when he entered Carolus Duran's studio in Paris as a

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student he was quickly recognised as something of a prodigy. His portraits were soon being exhibited both in the Salon and at the Royal Academy, but Paris was always his main objective. (The Academy thought his paintings "beastly french.") He seemed on the high road to success there when the first of what Mr. Mount calls the three tragedies in his life befell him. A full-length portrait, on which he had worked anxiously for a whole year, and which he fondly imagined would bowl over the French public and the critics, when shown at the Salon of 1884 roused nothing but a howl of execration—the lady's flesh was purplish-blue. Sargent himself had been "bowled over" by Monet to disastrous effect. He retreated in disgust to England where he confided to Edmund Gosse that he was thinking of giving up painting for business. (Roger Fry believed that was exactly what he did.) However, at the Academy exhibition of 1887 the reception of *Carnation Lily, Lily Rose* restored his confidence in himself and in public appreciation. Thenceforward his progress was triumphal. He gave the public what it wanted and in return he received what he wanted, fame and money: the only thing lacking was self-satisfaction in his work, those everlasting portraits, or "paughtraits," as he chose to spell them. This was the second tragedy in his life. Mr. Mount tells a wry story of a visitor at the height of his fame asking whether he could buy some of Sargent's early works that he saw round the walls of the studio, only to meet with refusal. "I need to keep them around to console me for the rotten stuff I am doing." Eventually he utterly refused to do another "paughtrait," except for occasional "mugs." He always enjoyed his murals ("blokes dancing") and landscape, and he spent the last years of his life pleasing himself and not the public. He died of heart failure in his sleep at the age of sixty-nine, with a volume of Voltaire at his bedside—a most enviable death. The third tragedy for Sargent, his biographer suggests on the flimsiest of evidence, was his failure to find a good woman to marry him. In fact, his emotional life remains extraordinarily discreet: all the papers in his studio were destroyed after his death for some reason, and after four years' research Mr. Mount has only been able to identify two liaisons with women in his early years to support this tragic hypothesis.

In person, Sargent was a tall, bearded, popeyed, rubicund figure of a man with poor table manners and an enormous appetite. He could gobble two ducks at a sitting. Since his writing was almost indecipherable and his speech inarticulate, the author occasionally invents thoughts for him in a mild, amateurish way. Mr. Mount should have known better. It is only when Sargent himself bursts into apoplectic utterance that the pages spring to life and a tremendous personality asserts itself. I choose a few at random. "Sybil is positively green," of a sitter; "not art in any sense whatever," of Alma Tadema; "corking painter of the old ocean, he," of Woodburn. He had a rubber pad made with DAMN on it for adding legibility to his correspondence; and one cannot help feeling he would have stamped it on this biography. I will add the revealing crescendo over Lady Sassoon's portrait, after half a dozen of her relatives had been to inspect it. "It seems there is a little something wrong with the mouth. *Of course there is something wrong with the mouth!* A PORTRAIT IS A PAINTING WITH A LITTLE SOMETHING WRONG ABOUT THE MOUTH!" Roger Fry would have appreciated that bellow of remorse for serving Mammon instead of God.

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FABER

Utley, Q.P.

Not Guilty. By T. E. UTLEY. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Men of Suez are in the dock. For the prosecution we have already heard two pamphleteers of the Left, Paul Johnson and Michael Foot. Now comes the first Q.P. (Queen's Pamphleteer) for the defence. It is apparent in his choice of title that Mr. T. E. Utley learnt his craft writing leaders for *The Times*. By calling his book *Not Guilty—The Conservative Reply*, he displays both the preference for negatives and the cool presumption of a man who has known that his editorial words would be reverently accepted by true Conservatives as the true voice of British Conservatism. One thing Mr. Utley certainly acquired at Printing House Square was a sense of his own importance.

In his Foreword, Lord Hailsham remarks that "the author brings the benefit of an unusually calm mind." Despite this misleading commendation, Mr. Utley presents himself not as an objective student of the Suez problem but as a sprightly controversialist, selective in the facts he uses, partisan in the arguments he deploys and a great deal more spiteful about his political opponents than either Mr. Johnson or Mr. Foot. In fact, he devotes a great many pages to abuse of the Labour Party, but only one ten-page chapter to answering its case. The issue of collusion is dismissed in a single paragraph, which informs us that Sir Anthony has replied to this accusation "conclusively." Another paragraph is sufficient to deal with the charge that Britain and France were aggressors: we are curtly informed that the Anglo-French intervention was in accordance with the United Nations Charter. Mr. Utley devotes rather more space to the Government's failure to consult other members of the Commonwealth. The reason for this, he explains, was that Sir Anthony "had decided that British interests demanded intervention . . . and knew that the view would not be shared by all Commonwealth Governments. . . . The strength of the British Commonwealth consists at least as much in its disunity as in its unity." I doubt whether even Mr. Utley makes very great claims for this poor little argument.

Fortunately more than half of *Not Guilty* is devoted to defending the Government's domestic and external record since 1951. Mr. Utley contends that Sir Anthony and Mr. Butler adopted a middle-of-the-road policy which made just sufficient concessions of Tory principle to halt the post-war Socialist offensive and restore Free Enterprise as the motive spring of our economy. So too, in external affairs, we are shown a Sir Anthony wisely accepting the transformation of Empire into Commonwealth, welcoming colonial emancipation in Malaya and West Africa and signing the Suez Agreement with Colonel Nasser as a conscious act of faith, intended to create the conditions for lasting friendship between Britain and a liberated Egypt.

As a vindication of the old Conservatism (it used to be called the New Toryism before Mr. Macmillan took over and gave us a taste of real Tory leadership), I found all this extremely interesting. Mr. Utley apparently still believes that, as long as a Tory Government accepts Mr. Butskell's advice, it can deal with the menace of Socialism. As a Socialist, I must admit that there is quite a lot in this contention, but in my wildest dreams I had never imagined that Mr. Butskell would be summoned from oblivion to appear as star witness for the defence of the Men of Suez! To tell the truth, no line of defence could have been less helpful to Sir Anthony than that chosen by Mr. Utley. The more he tells us about the moderation of his domestic and external policies before the Suez venture; the more we are asked to reflect on his courageous opposition to Mr. Dulles's brinkmanship and to admire the way he wore down Sir Winston's resistance to the withdrawal from Suez—the crazier appears his decision to go to war, on a blatantly dishonest pretext. The apologist for Sir Anthony, has two possibilities. The first is to portray him as a weak man, who appeased the Socialists at home and the enemies of Britain abroad until suddenly, last August, he saw the light and unsheathed the sword. Alternatively, we can see him as a middle-of-the-road politician, who suddenly ruined himself by one crazy act—explicable only by ill-health. In either case—whether we approve or disapprove his Suez venture—we must surely agree that it was completely out of character. But that is what Mr. Utley will not accept. Instead, he tries to convince us that the attack on Egypt was the logical and consistent climax of the moderate Toryism developed by Sir Anthony since 1951. Lord Hailsham, I know, delights in paradox. But even he can hardly believe that, in this perverse and petulant pamphlet, Mr. Utley has provided "a vindication of Government policy" which deserves to be called the Conservative reply.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Stinging Whigs

Scotch Reviewers: the Edinburgh Review, 1802-1815. By JOHN CLIVE. *Faber.* 25*s.*

The *Edinburgh Review* was 127 years old when it died in 1929. It was understandable as a survival, as an institution and as an old warrior of Eng. Lit. The shock is to discover that it was once a young man's paper, indeed the work of four pushing, clever, impecunious and often very tiresome young men. Omniscient, acidulous, superior and witty, the *Edinburgh* illustrates the truth that if you are out of power and want to "do good," you must put the irresistible jam of destructiveness and snobbery on the British pill. We are unlikely ever to look at the back files of the *Edinburgh* or even to run through the first 50 numbers which Mr. John Clive has used for his research into the founding and the first brilliant phase of the paper; but the account of them provides a curious piece of history and a sharp object lesson. There *are* alternatives to being clever in journalism, but the clever have most to tell us.

The *Edinburgh Review* is one of those periodicals which succeed at once. In Mr. Clive's chosen

period it became the most important review in Europe. It enchanted Stendhal, and interested Napoleon. Mme de Staël said the human intellect was working at the highest pitch in it. Byron attacked it. The ill-treated Lake Poets groaned. Jeffreys, the editor, was described as a "universal genius"; and the general assumption of all the writers was that they were the only authoritative voices of a civilisation that had gone far beyond the enlightenment of the Ancients, the interest of the Renaissance or the peculiarity of the Chinese or Hindus. The Continent was sunk in error; America, with the possible exception of Franklin, was in a state of barbarism. This elevation of mind was combined with reforming zeal. The Catholics were to be emancipated, the Test Acts repealed, slavery was to be abolished, the penal system to be made less savage. Delicate questions, for *Edinburgh* was still terrified of Jacobinism and was in the present American situation of regarding "obedience and loyalty" as the only party; the editors kept their politics a little muffled. Where they let themselves go was in literary criticism. If you wish to change the public's political beliefs, insinuate the argument into attacks on the non-political writers they admire. Catch your public by its literary tails.

In the founding of the *Review* there was the usual coming together of the lucky accident and the right moment. If Edinburgh had been nearer London—Lord Cockburn reckoned it was 2,500 miles away "according to the modern rate of travelling"—the four clever and unemployed young Whigs might have been absorbed by their cousins in the capital. They might have become Radicals. Isolation turned them into wits and sharpened their discontent. Edinburgh was only just beginning to tire of the Tory dominance and to hanker after the fruits of the Scottish Renaissance. The moment was therefore propitious. The luck lay in the fact that three clever young lawyers, all in their twenties, were hanging about the courts unable to get briefs, because no one dared trust his case to a Whig before Tory judges. Brougham, Horner and Jeffreys were the lawyers; Sydney Smith, aged 31, was in Edinburgh as a tutor. They were idle. They were ambitious. While they waited they worked to amuse themselves. It may, for all I know, be reckoned a fault in the *Review*, that it wished to shock, amuse and hold by wit, while—with some pretence of detachment—the young men hoped for more respectable employment; but there is no doubt that this gave a double edge to their serious intentions. No one can say that Sydney Smith was without passion as a reformer.

Jeffreys is the extraordinary figure. This tiny, volatile man, with his torrential and yet glancing conversation, his power of buzzing like some brilliant fly over every idea in flower, his love of destructive criticism, his moral concern which made him (ultimately) insensitive to what concerns the imagination, gave the immediate impression of genius. How destructive was he? Mr. Clive speaks of his "intellectual and psychological hypersensitivity to the ludicrous," and his shrewd sense of the link between "vituperation and good business." He has been, not unnaturally, accused of insincerity in his attacks on Wordsworth. He was certainly one of those who are pungent on paper but are determined to charm away enmity in life. He once wrote to Horner, who tried hard not to be serious: "I have a sort of consciousness that admirers are ridiculous and therefore I laugh at almost everything I admire, or at least let people laugh at it without contradiction. You must be earnest when you approve and have yet to learn that everything has a respectable and a deridable aspect." It was a morbid temperament. The imp had fits of melancholia. He had heart, but he burned himself out in brilliant bouts.

Mr. Clive has done a very amusing piece of research into the political thought of the *Review*, as far as it can be collected from the self-contradictions and evasions of the writers. He is puzzled in his search for precise instances of the *Review*'s influence. This does not seem to me very necessary. American critics are nowadays inclined to see something "gentlemanly" or "amateur" or "too well-bred", in the pejorative sense, in the discursiveness of English periodical criticism. This is an error. There is a strong tradition of what may be called conversational criticism in English letters, and it has arisen because we value the relation of literature with life. For that reason, we are apt to be stupid about our artists, as Jeffreys certainly was about Wordsworth; but the habit has nothing to do with class-consciousness. We sacrifice everything to the sociable man, and English poetry is the protest.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Mountain Records

In Highest Nepal. By NORMAN HARDIE. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

Cho Oyu. By HERBERT TICHY. Trans: BASIL CREIGHTON. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

The Conquest of Fitzroy. By M. A. AZÉMA. Trans: NEA MORIN and KATHARINE CHORLEY. *Deutsch.* 21*s.*

Six hundred bright new pages of bibulous Sherpas, faintly catty mountaineers, summit mysticisms and base camp camaraderie! Here is a chapter headed "Build-up." Here is a preface by Sir John Hunt. Here is a paragraph suggesting that mountains ought to be called by their local names, and mentioning, as a rather unsatisfactory example, only one of the eight possible translations of "Chomolungma." Here is a picture of a nasty bridge in Nepal, and here Kami Doma, elder daughter of Sherap Lama, smiles toothily from beneath her fur-lined cap.

The awful familiarity of this prospect is enough to make the addict's heart sink: and with reason, for it would be difficult to recall a cliché, an overworked thesis, a mildewed mountain enthusiasm that is not embedded somewhere in these pages. Those few observers who are not total enthusiasts for the Sherpa way of life may consider Mr. Hardie's book unconvincing; those who are interested in the ethos of mountaineering will find much to ponder in Herr Tichy's; and those who are sick to death of the controversies surrounding artificial climbing should think twice before plunging into *The Conquest of Fitzroy*.

But it would be unfair to dismiss them all as unrelieved bores, for the mountains themselves are so magnificent, and the craft of mountaineering of such grand basic inspiration, that all three books contain their piquancies and moments of splendour; here and there, indeed, you can even find diffident traces of humour and astringency, qualities that have been steadily sidling out of mountain literature since the last Chestertonian guffaws of Mr. Tilman. Mr. Hardie is a New Zealander, Dr. Azéma a Frenchman, Herr Tichy an Austrian; and their moods range from the priggish to the borders of jingoism, only governed by the fashionable proviso that you must never, whatever you do, be beastly to those whom a more red-blooded generation boldly called the natives.

The natives are especially well served in Mr. Hardie's book, for it is certainly the most exhaustive and serious study of the Sherpa people yet in print (though it has little of the gentle charm that graced Mrs. Bourdillon's *Visit to the Sherpas*). The author has misguidedly made a travel book of it, guiding us along the well-trodden but apparently interminable paths of eastern Nepal with a kindly enthusiasm such as (I am told) sometimes infuses the more advanced kinds of nature ramble. *In Highest Nepal*, all the same, is really a work of sociology or anthropology, full of curious information. Indeed, so persistent is Mr. Hardie's eye for detail, so copious his information on Sherpa weddings, on the making of raksi, on marriage and divorce, on housing problems and bridge-building, that a copy of his book might well be pressed into the trembling hands of every young Sherpa newly-wed.

Sherpas also set the pace of Herr Tichy's book, and a reeling, boisterous pace it is. One drunken

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HART-DAVIS

Sherpa is amusing enough; one bout of Sherpa bonhomie is undeniably invigorating; but through thirteen chapters of this handsomely produced book the Sherpas roll their jolly way, invariably brave, unendingly loyal, alternately childlike and fatherly, and always ready for a romp around the camp-fire. I have no doubt that the Sherpas substantially helped Herr Tichy and his tiny party to climb Cho Oyu, "the seventh highest mountain in the world," as the blurb rather forlornly calls it; and I do not doubt that Sir John Hunt is at least as fond of Pasang Dawa Lama as he says he is in his foreword; but for myself, as a detached and affectionate observer of the climbers' world, I am beginning to bracket Sola Khumbu with the Climbers' Club Hut at Helyg as the two places I least want to spend another week-end at.

Sherpas apart, *Cho Oyu* is often fresh and interesting. Everything in Tichy's expedition was small, and unpretentious, and inexpensive. Herr Tichy hates to think that anyone in his small company might regard anyone else as The Leader, and he occasionally takes a slightly petulant dig at the big para-military Himalayan expeditions which are so rapidly becoming a phenomenon of the past. With this rather itsy-bitsy approach there naturally goes a pinch of airy-fairy mysticism, and here Herr Tichy springs an agreeable surprise: for suddenly, in his description of the summit of Cho Oyu, he strikes some hidden chord, evokes some latent spark of artistry, and gives us a shining snowy paeon of success and exaltation that illumines the whole book, tempers its Sherpa earthiness, and gives it a taste of unsuspected nobility.

Finally, Fitzroy. That marvellously dramatic mountain, far more starkly excrescent a fang than was ever Mallory's Everest, has one great advantage over most of its peers: it stands at the southern tip of the Andes, on the remote frontier between Chile and the Argentine. It is set in country not yet worn threadbare by the grindings of the travelogues, and it offers mountaineering problems of a kind and scale scarcely paralleled elsewhere in the world. Dr. Azéma's book is pedestrian in style and muddled in construction, but it can scarcely fail to be interesting, if only as a geography lesson: and what excitement is lacking from its prose is provided by the constant presence, in and between the lines, of that monumental pinnacle—almost as passionate and intense as the most brilliant of the New York skyscrapers.

There was, moreover, a peculiar excitement to the climbing of Fitzroy, common enough in Europe but not on such far-flung adventure grounds: throughout the last desperate pitches, climbed with all the artificial aids of *piton* and *étrier*, the assault party was generally within sight and always within hearing of the others in camp below: so that Dr. Azéma is able to describe to us, foot by foot, hold by hold, the agonising progress of the final assault (somewhat complicated, in the modern French manner, by somebody's unfortunate error in filling a water-bottle with methylated spirits). And, if Herr Tichy's climax was almost celestial, Dr. Azéma's is rather spooky: for when at last the summit was reached the peak was enshrouded with cloud, and all that the waiting mountaineers knew of the success was a distant distorted cry of victory, billowing exultantly through the mist.

Mountaineers are fond of saying that such adventures as these are the beginning of a new era in mountaineering. Everest is climbed, and people can now return to simpler expeditions and harder climbs, released from the bugbear of nationalism and the tedious claims of altitude. I hope so. With any luck climbers may soon feel themselves free at last, too, from the compulsions of authorship; the mountains and Sherpas will be able to relax into anonymity; reviewers will be spared this ordeal by hackney; and Sir John Hunt, kindliest of heroes, may write his last benevolent preface.

JAMES MORRIS

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The Red Rock Wilderness. By ELSPETH HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

Prospects of Love. By WILLIAM CAMP. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

The Mystic Masseur. By V. S. NAIPAUL. *Deutsch.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A certain dignified indifference to the reader's wishes, a refusal even to try to please, seems essential if a novel is to be at all lastingly satisfactory. We must be forced to make our way into the author's world rather than to have it run up in a conciliatory manner on the flattened area of our own preconceptions. The first three of these novels are interestingly different in their eagerness to please. Miss Schmitt is on her own, hacking away in a shuttered studio, with the remorseless pertinacity that makes a conversationalist a bore but in a novelist compels respect. Mrs. Huxley, at the other extreme, is fully alert to the requirements at a well-studied market, one that can absorb small tinctures of seriousness if they are sufficiently sweetened with exotic surroundings and thrilling events. Mr. Camp—it is his bad luck—pleases by accident; his sincere and earnest book falls into a currently over-familiar category, for it is yet one more sad delineation of the plight of the young who, with their emotions muffled by an anguish that has no object, have nothing to lose but their sexual freedom. However deeply felt it may be, a story of this kind is bound to be under-regarded for merely statistical reasons, like a steak in Texas.

A Small Fire, which is set in the secluded ambience of a College of Fine Arts in a large American provincial city, concerns the tentative, oblique and long-drawn-out development of a relationship (as it surely deserved to be called) between a lady teacher at the college (she teaches, let me add, Voice) and Mr. Sanes, the new, brilliant, difficult teacher of piano, both of them being as near forty as makes no difference. It is all recounted with immense deliberation and authority by the lady, everything is gone into and set out with the greatest thoroughness and clarity. There is something unearthly about the whole affair, the college itself is like a large, faintly illuminated tank of water in which the characters swim slowly but pregnantly around. The ordinary matter of life is transposed into another, more subtle and reverberating key. Familiar situations occur, people eat, drink and make love, but these activities have no intrinsic qualities and seem rather to exist for the promotion of complicated trains of subsequent reflection and feeling. We are more or less in the world of Frederick Buechner, where profound but disciplined sensitivity proliferates in an academic enclave. Meals and the furnishings of rooms have resonantly symbolic properties, they are not so much things to eat and sit on as exercises in taste, the dumb-bells and parallel bars of a cultural gymnasium. When you are worn out and depressed you don't take an aspirin but gaze in a mystically receptive way at a finely produced volume of Flemish pictures, while a steak *béarnaise* functions as an elaborately significant love-token. At one point, when Miss Hartmann, the Voice lady, discovers that Mr. Sanes is the object of an epicene music critic's perverse affections, she gets what would ordinarily be called drunk, but with such liturgical delicacy and magnificence that one feels one has been the privileged spectator of a sacred and esoteric rite. The nearest English analogues to *A Small Fire* are the novels of Miss Rachel Trickett (Oxford) and Miss June Hooper (Cambridge). Miss Schmitt triumphs over them by dint of sheer mass, by her Jamesian thickness of texture. In my case an initial impatience with the stuffiness of the scene, the gigantic complacency of the narrator and the excessively disagreeable character of Mr. Sanes, gave way in the end to humble contentment. Taken on its own rather absurd terms this book is curiously splendid.

Mrs. Huxley's *The Red Rock Wilderness* is a Stevensonian romance served up in the world of W.H.O., Point Four and Jomo Kenyatta. It might have been called *Prester Jim*. The young hero who glides doggedly into a whirlpool of dark African forces is, of course, Scottish. But Andrew Colquhoun is a good deal more practical and down-to-earth than his literary forbears, less starry-eyed than David Crawfurd and more ready to respond to amorous opportunities than dear old Dick Hannay who, you will remember, came to Mary Lamington at forty-odd in a very dewy and inexperienced condition. Andrew proposes to write a book about the great biologist Ewart Clausen who has retreated to an inaccessible hermitage in the depths of Africa in order to work out a cosmic and world-saving philosophy. Clausen, when caught up with, turns out to be a mixture of Albert Schweitzer and Mistah Kurtz. The sinister and antiquely villainous Dr. Ronald is much less dignified than Dr. John Laputa but manages to exact the proper measure of respect from his triumphant David after his Goliath-like and thoroughly incredible fall. The old narrative formula is as irresistible as ever and the African scene is excellently done, but even such modern conveniences as one of those sullen beauties who longs underneath it all to be loved fail to make up for the superbly grandiose characters created by Mrs. Huxley's predecessors.

Prospects of Love is a gloomy tale about contemporary married life. Mark, the dismal hero, has a very poor job and Fenny, his dim and feeble wife, makes things worse by failing to respond to his occasional fits of connubial ardour (all this being set out with the ruthless detail of Rennie Macandrew and Vital Books) and by constantly nagging in a roundabout way to be allowed to start a child. All the apparatus of torture is at hand—continuous incitement to depressing self-criticism in Evans, one of those heartless pyknic

colleagues on the crest of sexual and social success, and an easily-acquired but insecurely enjoyed hypergamic mistress. The real trouble with Mark is the pitiable narrowness of his interests and his hopeless lack of practical resource. He doesn't appear to read anything, politics is just something Evans talks about at parties, his financial difficulties would be more credible if they were associated with a kind of general ineptitude that would make them less painful, he seems to have hardly any friends or leisure or hopes or opinions. The only response he manages to make to his problems is passive suffering, interrupted with frenetic bouts of ham-fisted lechery. There is a dramatic ending but, with perhaps unintentional ambiguity, it settles nothing. Mark never really decides whether to make something of his marriage or not. The wounds have been revealed, probed, inspected and left to fester.

The Mystic Masseur is yet another piece of intuitive or slap-happy West Indian fiction as pleasant, muddled and inconsequent as the Trinidadian Hindus it describes. Ganesh Ramsumair, idler, author and in the end mystic healer, is meant, I take it, to show that the two sides of the Indian character, the high religion and the determined and cynical practicality, are inseparable. However the balance is tilted much more towards Aubrey Menen than to L. H. Myers. It would have been nice to see more of Ramsumair's *101 Questions and Answers on the Hindu Religion*. "Question 1" it begins "What is Hinduism? Answer. Hinduism is the religion of the Hindus." This is an agreeable book but I wonder if it really deserves a Book Society Recommendation.

ANTHONY QUINTON

The Willow and the Oak

Waterloo to Peterloo. By R. J. WHITE. *Heinemann* 18*s*.

This is a thoughtful and sensitive study of English history in the troubled years between 1815 and 1819. As Mr. White suggests, there is a certain prevailing quality of mood and manner about them which marks them off both from the first war-time decade of the new century and the third peaceful decade of improvement and reform. They were years when a handful of percipient but frightened contemporaries, according to their opinions, feared either a continental revolution or a military despotism. Subsequent historians have echoed the note of alarm and anxiety. Halévy pored in retrospect over the revolution that refused to boil: the Hammonds battled afresh against the monsters of the *Masque of Anarchy* and compared Lord Castlereagh's England with an Asiatic police state.

There is clearly need for a reassessment, and Mr. White, equipped with an unusually rich knowledge of the political thought of the period, suggests that Englishmen are in a more favourable position in the 1950s to understand the problems of post-Napoleonic England and to place them in their proper perspective than either Halévy or the Hammonds. The key to the period, he believes, can best be discovered by setting it against the past rather than by examining it in the light of the future. The country was in a state of social disorganisation brought about by rapid and unprecedented economic change. With the end of the "national unanimity" of the war the way was prepared for tension, conflict and collapse. The talk of revolution and despotism was exaggerated—there were powerful forces holding back revolutionary ardour and Liverpool's government was clumsy and conservative in social matters, not autocratic or totalitarian—but, out of the experiences of these years, political organisations took shape which later in the nineteenth century succeeded in imposing a new political order upon a new society. With Coleridge in the corner of his mind Mr. White concludes that the new order was "consciously, even mechanically, contrived—consonant with a society which had decided, for better or for worse, to live by machines."

Such a general interpretation is valid as far as it goes, and Mr. White himself supplies many qualifications. He shows in two fascinating chapters on the "old England" that the idealisers of the past over-stated their case, and in two less satisfactory chapters on the Pentrich Revolution and Peterloo that the critics of the old order were interested in something more than mechanical contrivances to transfer political power. But there are many appealing signs throughout this book of a struggle within Mr. White himself between his sympathies for the old integrated order and his intellectual recognition that it was bound to disappear. In fact, the new order was less bound to the machine than he suggests. The new towns were not merely workshops or alarming symptoms of social disintegration; they were centres of new cultural vitality. The new politicians were not merely discontented critics; they had their own dreams and their own sense of belonging to a "movement." Mr. White himself quotes the Halifax hatter, John Baines, who saw in Luddism a passing phase in the battle for the people's cause and believed that old as he was he would "see the glorious triumph of democracy." He could have quoted spokesmen of the middle classes, too, who saw a new romance in industry and looked beyond the machines to a golden future. The view that in the end was the beginning, more clearly expressed later in the century, is a view that still merits attention, and even Southey, as J. B. Bury pointed out in his *Idea of Progress*, believed that "the world will continue to improve, even as it has hitherto been continually improving."

Because Mr. White is so deeply involved in the problems he is discussing, he is particularly interesting in his interpretation of Lord Liverpool, the indispensable "arch-mediocrity" who presided over the destinies of government and eventually led it from the age of Eldon into the age of Peel. "In the great storms of war and peace that smote Regency England," he says in one of his many illuminating metaphors, "the qualities of the willow were perhaps more urgently called for than those of the oak." There proved to be too many willows in early nineteenth-century England for its ultimate destinies to be determined either by blood or iron.

ASA BRIGGS

Parnassian Grades

Poems, 1943-1956. By RICHARD WILBUR. *Faber*. 15*s*.

Visitations. By LOUIS MACNEICE. *Faber*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Sinai Sort. By NORMAN MCCAIG. *Hogarth Press*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

The Body's Imperfection. Collected Poems of L. A. G. STRONG. *Methuen*. 18*s*.

The Inheritors: Poems, 1948-1955. By RICHARD CHURCH. *Heinemann*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Enemy in the Heart. By T. H. JONES. *Hart-Davis*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Mr. Wilbur, one of the most famous of the younger American poets, is a deliberately rich, variegated, and ornate writer. He does not seem to me to have anything centrally interesting to say about life, but he is a superb verse craftsman who makes most of his English contemporaries—those between thirty and forty—look like fumbling amateurs. *A Baroque Wall-Fountain in the Villa Sciarra* suggests, both in the subject matter and the handling of it, his own qualities:

> . . . It spills
> Its threads then from the scalloped rim, and makes
> A scrim or summery tent
> For a faun ménage and their familiar goose.
> Happy in all that ragged, loose
> Collapse of water, its effortless descent
> And flatteries of spray. . . .

He does not confine himself, however, to such Sitwellian evocations of Roman fountains. Here is something quite unexpected, which I have never seen attempted before in prose or rhyme, the exact look, feel, smell, the individual quiddity, of a raw potato:

> Cut open raw, it looses a cool clean stench,
> Mineral acid seeping from pores of prest meal;
> It is like breaching a strangely refreshing
> tomb. . . .

Apart from its original poems, Mr. Wilbur's volume contains a number of excellent translations. I thought Molière one of the great untranslatable writers, but Mr. Wilbur's version of Célimène's spat with Arsinoé has all the ease, simplicity, and neatness of its original. Mr. Wilbur's book should be bought and read, both for sensuous pleasure, and as an example of what sheer workmanship in verse means.

Mr. MacNeice, in his new volume, seems to have got back, for the first time in ten years or so, the bite he had in the Thirties; and he has got away from the snare of the blown-up, big poem, of a length suitable for broadcasting. In these new short poems or sequences of short poems, he is therefore free from the twin temptations that have lately beset him, of moralising and of ad-libbing. His mood, from the start, is agreeably cantankerous:

> Why hold that poets are so sensitive?
> A thickskinned grasping lot who filch and eavesdrop. . . .

He attacks snooty reviewers (or the snooty reviewer in himself):

> Yet the cold voice chops and sniggers,
> Prosing on, maintains the thread
> Is broken and the phoenix fled,
> Youth and poetry departed.
>
> Acid and ignorant voice, desist.
> Against your lies the skies bear witness. . . .

Of individual poems, a good elaborate place-and-time-evoking one is *Wessex Guide-Book* with its fine gloomy close:

> . . . the mass of human beings
> Whom they, the Seasons, need not even forget
> Since, though they fostered man, they never loved him.

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LAWRENCE & WISHART

SOCIALIST DIGEST

Politically minded people of Left and of Right have welcomed this new lively, pocket-size Labour Party monthly magazine. The June issue, on sale this Monday, contains, among many other items:

NATIONAL SUPERANNUATION – *A comprehensive explanation of Labour's new proposal by Douglas Jay, M.P.*

ELEVEN PLUS—*The Leicestershire experiment examined by Alice Bacon, M.P.*

Hugh Gaitskell's foreign policy lectures analysed by Michael Foot . . . . Text of Schweitzer's radio appeal on the H-bomb . . . . Tom Driberg on 'Visiting Moscow' . . . . 'Highland Protest' by Naomi Mitchison . . . . and a ***defence*** *of stag-hunting by Sir Richard Acland.*

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Wherever you take your holiday this year, your pen can pay the cost—and more! With paper-rationing nearing its end and travel becoming easier, more and more papers and magazines are interested in articles and stories with a holiday flavour. The mind when in fresh surroundings develops an alertness and stores up material which the trained writer can always use.

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And a good, grim simple short poem is *Figure of Eight* of which the root idea may have come from the limerick about the young man who said, "Damn! . . . Not a bus, not a bus, but a tram!"

Mr. McCaig is, far more than Mr. Wilbur or Mr. MacNeice, an intrinsically difficult poet. He seeks in the visible world and in personal relationships some more or less impersonal core of meaning which will rescue him from imprisonment in his own subjectivity:

> What our eyes say to us is fields
> Are there for us to weave in baskets
> To take a thought of murder home in;
> Or they're a pool where silence beckons . . .
>
> All that the eye names is disguises. . . .

Disguises, but disguising what? Mr. McCaig cannot quite put it into words:

> . . . I'd tremble to discover
> That special, stubborn thing, that must forever
> Lie hooded between no and yes. . . .

Thus, these careful poems, strongly if sometimes rather stiffly shaped, are essentially exercises towards the definition of something recalcitrant:

> Words
> Are a remembered climate where we viewed
> A sort of landscape or spied on sorts of birds
> Or were a (roughly speaking) sort of self.
> Coffin the lot on some tall dusty shelf.

Mr. McCaig demands a lot of effort (and the fashionable poem today is not the difficult poem but the poem that makes a simple situation *look* difficult); it seems to me he repays the effort.

Mr. McCaig thinks *in* poetry; Mr. Church and Mr. Strong think *into* it. Mr. Church, for instance, has this about Wordsworth and Coleridge:

> His sombre glance, a lantern in a cave,
> Must frequently have chilled the spate of words,
> Freezing the metaphysics as they flowed
> From Coleridge's ripe and bulbous lips.

How delightful that touch about Coleridge's lips would be in a quirky, appreciative prose essay! But the staid blank verse seems something superadded. Similarly a poem of Mr. Strong's, like *Talk at the Inn*, is a very good Hardyesque short story done—again it seems rather unnecessarily—into decent jogtrot verse. And both writers, when they are not holding out attention with what is essentially a *prose* interest, tend to lapse into Parnassian: from Mr. Church, for instance,

> . . . conjuring in his English blood,
> Deep, racial recollections, sad with time,
> Yet joyous in their certainty and sadness. . . .

And from Mr. Strong:

> For love that came like sunlight, warm and strong,
> To undeserving tree and guilty stone. . . .

What is wrong with such language is not that it is not apt and dignified but that any poet can write it. Mr. Jones has not seen as much of life, or felt or thought so deeply about it, as these two older writers, but his poems, almost lacking in prose interest, bring off, at their best, an essentially poetic thing:

> I sent a letter to my love,
> Sent it late and early,
> A letter to my love who lives
> In a distant country. . . .

The little dancing gesture there is poetry.

G. S. FRASER

For the second edition of his *Science in History* (Watts, 42s.) Professor J. D. Bernal has largely rewritten the section on the Soviet Union. Other new editions are *A Short History of India*, by W. H. Moreland and Atul Chandra Chatterjee (Longmans, 30s.); Stuart Chase's *Proper Study of Mankind*, much enlarged (Phoenix House, 25s.); and M. R. Ridley's *Shakespeare's Plays: A Commentary* (Dent, 18s.). Norman Douglas's *Siren Land* and *Fountains in the Sand* have been issued in one volume by Secker & Warburg (30s.), and there are three Zola novels: *Dr. Pascal*, translated by Vladimir Kean (Elek, 18s.); *A Love Affair*—translation by Jean Stewart of *Une Page d'Amour* (Elek, 16s.); and *Ladies Delight*—translation by April Fitzlyon of *Bonheur des Dames* (Calder, 18s.). Rider Haggard's *She*, Conrad's *Lord Jim* and Dumas' *Queen's Necklace* are added to Collins Classics (5s. 6d., 5s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.).

Week-end Competition

No. 1,420

Set by L. Clarendon

The usual prizes are offered for a modern version (limit 16 lines) of Thomas Hood's "I remember, I remember" as it might be written by someone looking back on a youth spent as any one of the following: the Débutante of the Year, a Teddy Boy, a Beauty Queen or a Royal Prince. Entries by May 28.

Result of No. 1,417

Set by Sharp Cecil

Competitors are invited to compose the first twelve lines of a folksong to be sung at Edinburgh, Aldeburgh, Cheltenham, Pitlochry, York or Hampstead.

Report

This seemed one of the simpler eleven-plus questions: find what these towns have in common and build a folksong round that idea. But more than half the class would not have got to Grammar School. Perhaps it was Hampstead that tripped them. But this is the month of the Hampstead Festival; and, because it's a do-it-yourself occasion, I thought it might produce some of the wittiest songs. (Clearly the natives themselves were too busy with their own harvest: reaping the fruits of the music, painting, sculpture, literary and photographic competitions; and watching that "Chinese Ballet worked out by the children themselves.") But, out of the festival context, I did like Stanley J. Sharpless's—

> There is a Suburb sweet and fair,
> *Have with you to Haverstock Hill,*
> It breathes a rich and delicate air,
> *Arty, crafty, dance with a will . . .*

Pitlochry inspired only one singer and York not many more. Further North, the canny Midlothians might well sing to their visitors—

> And you shall drink whiskey to the strains of Stravinsky,
> That float o'er the Castle to Holyrood House . . .
> (A. D. BENNETT JONES)

> Yet a' the bawbees that they spend
> Wull linger though they cross the sea,
> Sae whiles their blethers pass me by
> I lave them fill ma pooch for me.
> (RHODA TUCK POOK)

The other side of this coin was ruefully shown by E. Simon.

> O dollar, dollar down the drain in hapless handfuls hurling,
> I shall not look on thee again, exchanged for stacks of sterling.
> O tell it not in Tennessee; my spendthrift spouse has sped me
> To suffer through the symphony—would she had never wed me.

Aldeburgh seems to breed the best composers—though some of them stray rather far from the folk tradition; and the first two prizes, two guineas each, go to Csanda and E. B. C. Jones. Half-a-guinea each to Winifred Parsons and Seumas. Runners-up: George Hurren, Martin Robertson, Allan M. Laing, J. O. McBryde, P. G. Dennis and Rhoda Elliott.

> ALDEBURGH
> Where lustie Piers sings late at plow,
> Making a rightsome din,
> And tribes of Powys lived enow,
> Gloria, gloria bin!
> By artfulle counceylles being backed,
> Here is good cheer with no thing lacked!
> Gloria bin to Peters twain;
> Piers and Grimes they chaunt amain
> (God give us all good happe)!
> Gloria bin
> To Benjamin
> Who put us on ye mappe.

CSANDA

The people come flocking from north, south and west
For crabbe, for wine-tasting, for music the best,
For opera, folk-dance and other affairs
With a ben, billy budd, a crozier, a bream, sing
yehudi, sing herring and pears.

In Jubilee Hall is bowing on strings,
And O for the piper, the parties, the flings!
A clark and a sitwell put paid to our cares
With a ben, billy budd, a crozier, a bream, sing
yehudi, sing herring and pears.

So come all you strangers this happy June-tide,
The doors of the Moothall stand open and wide
For scandal and singing of sweet pretty airs
With a ben, billy budd, a crozier, a bream, sing
yehudi, sing herring and pears.

E. B. C. JONES

In Aldeburgh town, beside the sea,
There lived musicians, one, two three;
Our Imogen had crab for tea
And her violins played for us.

Our Peter favoured lobster pie;
He climbed into the pulpit high
Of the old flint church that seeks the sky
And sweetly he sang before us.

Our Ben, who liked a dish of sprats,
Knew all that's known of sharps and flats;
We packed that church as close as bats
And he made us sing in chorus.

WINIFRED PARSONS

THE EMBRO LASS

As I gaed doon tae Embro toon
The Festival tae see, O,
I met a fair maid mournin' sair,
And thus she spak' tae me, O:

"Doon by, they've bands frae mony lands
And speils frae owre the sea, O.
But scant's the play, or fiddler gay
That comes frae oor ain countree, O.

"I'll wear a tartan windin' sheet
Wi' fringes tae the knee, O;
And haunt the sodger lads' display
That's shown upon TV, O!"

SEUMAS

City Lights

Les Jeux Sont Faits

If premium bonds are undignified and immoral, what are the archbishops to make of the government's gilt-edged casino? A quick look at the investment policy of the Church Commissioners might help them to take a more charitable view of the Treasury's little devices. The Treasury, somehow or other, has to charm cash from the pockets of a public, inflation-hardened and cynical, which no longer buys fixed-interest securities if it can possibly avoid them. The big financial institutions which still see some merit in gilt-edged are out of funds for the moment: borrowing from anyone else, even if it were possible, might be disastrously expensive. But while Bank Rate is high, the Treasury can always profit from the general hope that it will come down—it can peddle out stock furiously to those in quest of quick capital gains.

The trouble with this sort of pick-me-up—which worked exceedingly well in the early weeks of the year—is that each dose produces a feebler effect. February's first cut in Bank Rate did not in fact galvanise the market or throw up sizeable profits: the second-generation speculators have been both fewer and fainter-hearted. The government broker has been able to peddle out stock again, but much less of it. And now the market has lost heart, the speculators have wearied. Last week closed with the news of an issue by Birmingham and a slight rise in the Treasury bill rate—one more tactical move in the running battle for bills between the discount market and their outside competitors. The market (with brokers muttering about capitulation and the £) dried up, and prices dropped to their lowest level since the early days of January. It has steadied since, but for the moment its feeling of euphoria has gone.

* * *

Wall Street, in its on-and-off way, has been looking a good deal brighter recently, and share prices have been at their highest level for 1957. Whatever the qualifications of the economists, the general public imagines it can see the end of the rolling readjustment on the horizon. The actual situation has turned out very much as was expected. In the first three months of the year, industrial prices ceased to rise, employment slackened slightly, and production levelled off—a result which was very largely due to the fact that the rise in stock accumulation came to a sudden stop. The rate of new housebuilding has continued to fall, car production—disappointing the optimists—fell by 7 per cent in the first quarter, and the rise in industrial capital expenditure is still tapering off.

Two factors have combined to prevent production from actually falling. The first is that American consumers, in spite of their temporary reluctance to buy new cars, are spending more on other things and are saving less of their incomes than they saved last year. The second is that both federal and state governments are spending at a higher rate than might have been gathered from their budget statements. Whether or not this spending will be enough to keep up the present level of activity the economists are still reluctant to predict.

* * *

Burmah Oil played its usual supporting role in the oil boomlet which followed the decision to use the Canal again. The company has a large holding of British Petroleum and a smaller holding of Shell, dividends from which have in the past provided it with the larger part of its income. The City has tended to regard Burmah as a kind of oil investment trust, and the price of its shares, until now, has usually been rather lower than the market value of its investments.

But Burmah has large oil distribution interests of its own and a growing interest in oil and gas production: its latest report suggests that these are coming into their own, with a trading profit up by more than a quarter and now providing more than half of total income. The pipeline flow of natural gas from Pakistan is rising rapidly, a large new refinery at Bombay is now in full production, a new refinery has just been opened near Rangoon. The search for oil in Assam has proved successful, and India will have the benefit of considerable indigenous gas and oil supplies by 1959. Burmah will be the senior partner (with the Indian government) in the producing company, and the junior partner in the company which is to build a long, devious and expensive pipeline to Calcutta and erect a refinery there.

* * *

Company statements are still pouring out to depress or encourage the market. Gallaher, whose *Senior Service* did so well at the expense of Imperial Tobacco last year, admits that competition is likely to slow down the rise in its profits, but reports that sales so far this year are well up on those of 1956. Dunlop, whose profits were badly hit in the first half of last year by the falling rubber price, pulled up well in the second half, but has still had to cut its dividend. Rolls-Royce has done as well as usual, in raising its dividend, and proposing to issue another £10m. of capital on terms as satisfactory to shareholders as to the company. Marks & Spencer has distinguished itself as the only store to report higher profit margins as well as higher turnover during 1956: profits have risen by 26 per cent. compared with only 3 per cent. for Woolworth.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 392. Ten Million a Year

Not for nuclear let alone conventional weapons, but just for Chess! It seems a lot of money even in dinars and even when translated into £11,904 15s. 2d., but as Gligoric told me at Bognor it is precisely the sum allocated by the Yugoslav authorities for giving young players a chance. This is less than the corresponding budgets in Czechoslovakia and Hungary, and a minute fraction of the funds available for Chess in the USSR.— a very simple answer to the question why we haven't any grandmasters to stand up to those wizards from the East. Considering that our own young masters are usually out of pocket even when attending a seaside event at home, and hardly ever get a chance to meet grandmasters, they do surprisingly well and both Wade and Clarke can be proud of their ½ points against Gligoric, even though the grandmaster could well afford to feel peaceably inclined in the last two rounds at Bognor. Green did better than his score suggests, and since every chessplayer is entitled to the heartbalm of the might-have-been (if borne out by sober post-mortem analysis), Green certainly has my sympathy for various ½ points "given away," such as in his last round game against Anderson when, in spite of appalling time-pressure, he had the ill-fated courage to refuse a draw by repetition. With all its faults, a thrilling game.

(1) P-QB4, Kt-KB3; (2) Kt-QB3, P-QB3; (3) P-Q4, P-Q4; (4) Kt-B3, PxP; (5) P-QR4, B-B4; (6) P-K3, P-K3; (7) BxP, B-QKt5; (8) O-O, O-O; (9) Q-K2, QKt-Q2; (10) R-Q1, Q-B2 (11) P-K4, B-Kt3; (12) P-K5, Kt-Q4; (13) B-Q2, Q-R4; (14) KR-QB1, KR-Q1; (15) Kt-R4, Kt-K2; (16) B-KKt5, Kt-Kt3; (17) KtxB, RPxKt; (18) R-Q1, R-Q2; (19) BxKt, BxB; (20) B-R2, QR-Q1; (21) Q-Kt4, Q-Kt5; (22) Kt-K2, Kt-Q4; (23) B-Kt1, Kt-B2; (24) P-R4, B-B4; (25) Q-Kt5, BxP; (26) KtxB RxKt; (27) QxR ch, RxQ; (28) RxR ch, K-R2; (29) B-Q3, Kt-Q4; (30) P-R5, Kt-B5; (31) PxP ch, PxP; (32) B-B1, QxKtP; (33) R-K1; P-KKt4; (34) P-Kt3, Kt-Q4; (35) B-Q3 ch, P-Kt3; (36) R-Q7 ch, K-R3; (37) B-B1, P-Kt5; (38) R-Q6, Kt-B2; (39) R-Q7, Kt-Q4; (40) R-Q6, Q-Kt5; (41) R-K2, Kt-B2; (42) R(2)-Q2, Kt-Q4; (43) R-Q3, Kt-B2; (44) R(3)-Q4, Q-K8; (45) R-Q7, QxKP; (46) RxP, Kt-Q4; (47) B-Q3, Q-K8 ch; (48) K-Kt2, resigns.

Speaking of the might-have-been, here's a game that might well have earned a brilliancy prize.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) P-KB4, PxP; (3) Q-B3, Kt-QB3; (4) Kt-K2, P-Q4; (5) PxP, Kt-Kt5; (6) KtxP, KtxP ch; (7) K-Q1, KtxR; (8) B-Kt5 ch, B-Q2; (9) R-K1 ch, B-K2; (10) Kt-K6, resigns.

The only flaw of this pretty game is that it wasn't played; not that way at any rate, for Gligoric (against whom Dr. Fazekas tested his pretty bit of "prep") failed to oblige by (5) . . . Kt-Kt5, the sequel being . . . Kt.-K4 (6) Q-K4, B-Q3; (7) KtxP, Kt-KB3; (8) Q-R4 ch, B-Q2; (9) Q-Kt3, O-O and soon won.

A: R. G. Wade 1952

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which (not at Bognor) Wade had put his opponent into quite a quandary. Pilnik tried to save himself by . . . Q-Kt2 ch, (to be followed by . . . Q-B3 or Q-Kt3 ch respectively). How did White thwart this plan, forcing the win? **B** and **C** for 6 and 7 points are both wins. Usual prizes. Entries by May 27.

B: F. M. Simkovich

C: A. O. Herbstman 1931

REPORT on No. 389. Set April 27

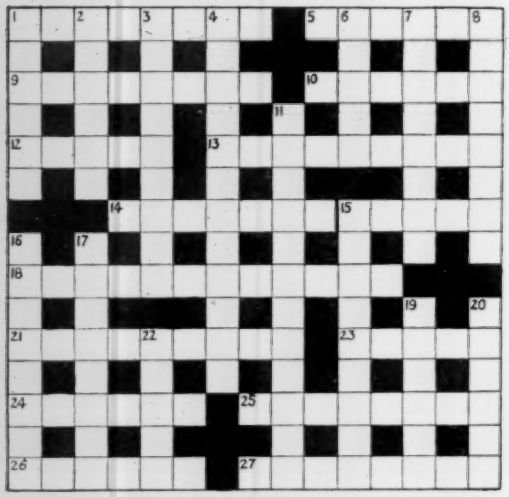
A: (1) P-R6 ch, K any; (2) Q-B8 ch, etc.
B: (1) P-R6, P-K6; (2) P-R7, P-K7; (3) P → Q, P → Q; (4) Q-Q5 ch, K-Kt5; (5) Q-Q3!, Q-QB8; (6) Q-R3 ch, followed by P-Kt3 ch etc.; if (5) . . . Q-QR8; (6) Q-B3 ch, etc.
C: (1) R-K6, K-R2 (forced); (2) R x RP, R-KB1; (3) R-R2, R-KR1!; (4) R-Kt2! R-KKt1; (5) R-Kt3! R-KB1; (6) P-B3! R-KKt1; (7) R-Kt4; R-KB1; (8) P-B4, R-KKt1; (9) R-Kt5, R-KB1; (10) P-B5, R-KKt1; (11) R-Kt6, R-KB1; (12) P-B6 R-KKt1; (13) R-Kt7! R-KB1; (14) P-B7, R-KKt1; (15) P x R → Kt B)! But *not* (13) P-B7? R x R; (14) P → Q, R-Kt5 ch and draws

Many stumped by **C**. Prizes: C. Allen, K. Beaumont, D. E. Cohen, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 251

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 251, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on May 28.



ACROSS

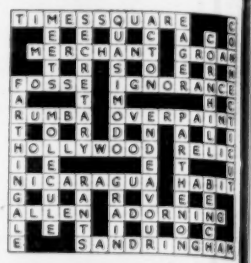
1. Fighter who gets the bird after the contest (8).
5. Thirsty advertisements for spirits (6).
9. Something for use in the kitchen when there are insects on the food (8).
10. "Misled by fancy's —— ray" (Burns) (6).
12. Animal which provides one with something to wear in front (5).
13. A foreigner is the pick of the artists (9).
14. The mountains write a measure about the Muses (7, 5).
18. Temporary national stir perhaps (12).
21. Something for use in the kitchen to outwit the clergy (8).
23. Town for a lord (5).
24. Approached a man about an organ (6).
25. The platform for the architect-designer? (8).
26. "Observe how —— into —— runs" (Pope) (6).
27. Slandered like school for the most part (8).

DOWN

1. Country which figures in the degree ceremony (6).
2. European mother turned gray (6).
3. Compasses one page in between visitors (9).
4. Laughter caught China mixed up with a lot of people (12).
6. Magistrate dealing with the first offender? (5).
7. Cinerama producer? (8).
8. The soldier is a Russian and a worker (8).
11. No half prices available for country lovers (12).
15. After a drink, for example, a girl is upset; this leads to a duel (9).
16. College men who have universal study at heart (8).
17. Officers who crack the last in war (8).
19. Composer I conducted first upside down (6).
20. Asked for food in bed (6).
22. Town for sailors, by the sound of it (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 249



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 249

Miss D. P. Little (London, N.W. 5), R. J. R. Hathorn (London W.8), W. E. Cossons (Birmingham 29).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

APPLICATIONS are invited from young men aged 20 and 21 for the UNILEVER JUNIOR TRAINEE SCHEME.

Opportunities available are for potential managers on the production, marketing and general commercial sides of the companies in the group.

Those interested in production must have reached Advanced Level of the G.C.E. in two science subjects. They will be afforded every opportunity to continue their scientific education, and those who do really well will be given full-time release to help them achieve their final qualifications.

In fields other than production, Sixth Form experience, while not essential, is still an asset, and candidates must certainly possess a good G.C.E. at "O" Level.

All candidates should have been active in the non-academic sides of school life, and special regard will be paid to commissioned experience during National Service.

The starting salary is £500 with increases at the end of the first and second year for those who continue to show promise, and a chance to enter the Unilever Companies' Management Development Scheme within 3 or 4 years.

Those who are interested should write for an application form to: Personnel Division (GOS/35), UNILEVER LTD., Unilever House, London, E.C.4.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Economics. Annual salary (superannuable) is as follows: Lecturer: £1,575 × £50—£2,175 (man) or £1,200 × £40—£1,680 (woman). Assistant Lecturer: £1,375 × £50—£1,525 (man) or £1,040 × £40—£1,160 (woman), together with an expatriation allowance of £225 a year if applicable. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First-class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Applicants should have an academic degree and qualifications for teaching in the fields of Applied Economics (Public Finance, Money and Banking, International Economics) and Economic Theory for undergraduates. Ability to give courses also in Statistics or Business Administration would be an advantage. Appointment to the Lectureship or the Assistant Lectureship will be made according to qualifications and experience. The post gives ample scope for research in economic problems of the Far East. The successful applicant will be required to take up duties on September 1, 1957. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Hong Kong and London, is June 21, 1957.

SMALL Prep. School needs Headmaster (single; 40-50; graduate) to help build up boarding side and willing accept small salary return. Possible future partnership for right person. Box 2556.

LINDSEY and Holland Rural Community Council. An Assistant Secretary (man or woman) is to be appointed. Salary £600 × £25 to £800. Details and application forms from Sec., 86 Newland, Lincoln.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers: Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments covering a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In Biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist in the Natural History Museum for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in, crystallography, taxonomic entomology, mammalian osteology, palaeobotany, malacology, helminthology, acarology. Scientific Officers are urgently required for the Forensic Science Laboratories; for scientific examination of document and hand-writing cases at Cardiff; for Chemists at Preston, Harrogate and in London. There is also a vacancy for a Senior Scientific Officer (Biologist) at Harrogate. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or be otherwise qualified by high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted; for Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1957 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: Minimum £1,135 (women £1,047). Men's scale maximum £1,345. Scientific Officers: Minimum £605. Men's scale maximum £1,055. Women's pay above £605 slightly lower but being raised to reach equality with men's in 1961. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. 5-day week, generally. Further particulars, from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/57 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/57 for Scientific Officers. Interview Boards will sit at intervals, as reqd. Early applic. is advised.

NATIONAL Coal Board—North Eastern Division. Divisional Staff Training Officer required at Divisional Headquarters, Sheffield (Salary range £1,710—£2,275 per annum) to take charge of the Staff Training Branch of the Divisional Staff Department, and report to the Staff Director. He will be responsible for the development and operation, in accordance with the National Coal Board's policy, of: (1) education and training for non-industrial staff and junior officials, including courses and conferences, and management training schemes; (2) courses of further education for certain industrial employees, including apprentices, in collaboration with the Department responsible for their practical training. Candidates should have broad administrative experience, a keen interest in the work and the ability to organise and develop, within the Yorkshire coalfield, the arrangements for education and training referred to above; a technical qualification would be an advantage. Apply giving full details to Staff Director, N.C.B., Holmwood House, Ecclesall Road South, Sheffield, 11, by May 31, 1957. Mark envelopes "Staff Vacancy," and quote N.E.V. 141 (N.S.).

FULL-time Woman Youth Leader wanted for Southmead Youth Clubs, Bristol. Youth club experience essential. Salary scale £500 × £25 to £750 plus additional increments for professional training (entry point on scale according to qualifications and experience). Application form from Secretary, Bristol Youth Committee, 27 Great George St., Bristol, 1, to be returned within next 14 days.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

METEOROLOGICAL Office. Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent posts. The duties include research in atmospheric physics, covering the study of cloud structure, synoptic and dynamical meteorology, large and small scale diffusion and turbulence, climatology, and development of instruments. There is a limited number of posts for forecasting work at the more important centres. Successful candidates will be given a course in meteorology before being assigned to a research or forecasting establishment for further training and experience. In some instances candidates with national service obligations can be commissioned in the R.A.F. for forecasting duties at R.A.F. stations. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Meteorological Office, (M.O. 10), Air Ministry, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Candidates must be between 21 and 28 during 1957. They must have a First or Second Class Honours degree preferably in physics or mathematics, or an equivalent qualification. Salaries (London rates) £605—£1,055. Women's pay above £605 slightly lower but being raised to reach equality with men's in 1961. Somewhat lower rates in provinces. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Scientific Officer (£1,135—£1,345), and higher posts. Particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S52/57 (Met.). Interview Boards will sit at intervals, as required. Early application is advised.

GOVERNMENT of Nyasaland. Labour Officer (Industrial Relations) required to assist and advise trade unions and employers' associations and establish wage negotiating machinery. Candidates, men only and preferably under 45, must be of good education preferably of University standard and with good experience of industrial relations. Post permanent and pensionable. Salary scale £895 to £1,850. Outfit allowance. Quarters provided if available at low rental. Free passages. Generous home leave. Tour 30-42 months. Low Income Tax. Further particulars and application forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, quoting BCD 132/4/01. Closing date for receipt of initial enquiries May 31, 1957.

GOVERNMENT of Cyprus. Trade Union Adviser required to encourage development of sound trade unionism and to advise trade unions on organisation, methods and negotiation. Experience as a trade union officer in an established United Kingdom union, preferably as an organiser, and including experience as a negotiator, essential. Four-year contract. Salary £2,277 with gratuity. Outfit allowance. Normal tour 21 months. Quarters provided if available at low rental. Free passages. Generous home leave. Low Income Tax. Further particulars and application forms from Director of Recruitment (Overseas Service), Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, quoting BCD 132/17/03. Closing date for receipt of initial enquiries May 31, 1957.

THE University of Sheffield. Department of Extramural Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor in Industrial Relations/Economics to take day-release and normal evening classes, and to begin duties as early as possible in the session 1957/58. A new salary scale is being introduced and is expected to be £700 × £50—£850, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar to whom applics. (12 copies) should be sent by June 8, 1957.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer in History. Preference will be given to an applicant with special knowledge of European History within the period of the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries, but a graduate specially interested in the history of Modern Europe would be considered. The salary range for Lecturers is £A1,250-£1,750 per annum plus cost-of-living allowance (at present £36), and the commencing salary will be determined on the basis of the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Housing assistance available. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applications in Australia and London, is June 28, 1957.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Philosophy. Candidates must have a special interest and qualifications for teaching Political Philosophy. The salary scales are at present under review and are expected to be as follows: Lecturer, £900 to £1,650 per annum; Assistant Lecturer, £700 to £850 per annum. Initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications must be sent not later than June 15, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained. Overseas candidates may apply by letter (no forms), giving qualifics. and experience and names of persons to whom reference may be made.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. Applications are invited for appointment to the Chair of Philosophy. The Professor of Philosophy will also be the Head of the Department of Philosophy. Duties are to be assumed on January 1, 1958, or as soon thereafter as possible. The scalary attached to the post will be according to the scale £1,700 × £50-£2,000 per annum. In addition, a married man will be paid a temporary cost of living allowance which at present is £234 per annum. Membership of the University Institutions' Provident Fund is compulsory, and involves a contribution at the rate of 7 per cent of the salary paid. Membership of the Staff Medical Aid Fund is obligatory in the case of an officer who is found eligible in terms of the rules. Applicants are advised to obtain a copy of the information sheet relating to this vacancy from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applics. close, in S. Africa and London, on June 28, 1957.

AUSTRALIA. University of Queensland. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Education. Applicants should have had teaching experience in Secondary Schools. A higher degree in Education would be an added qualification. There will be opportunities for research under Professor F. J. Schonell, Dean of the Faculty of Education. Salary £A.1,300/£A.1,750 per annum. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in London and Australia, is June 15, 1957.

HOLIDAY relief work for shorthand and copy typists, few days a week or longer. Details, Cranbourn Agency, 42, Cranbourn St., Leicester Sq. GER. 3249.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Applications are invited for the Chair of Classics. The salary scale is £1,600 × £100—£2,000 per annum. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance for a married man (at present £234 per annum). Applications should state age, qualifications, experience and research work completed or in progress, and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment and further information about the work of the department of Classics should be obtained) not later than June 15, 1957. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the full-time posts of Assistant in the Research Section of the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. The successful candidates will be expected to pursue research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration, Social Anthropology or Sociology and should be graduates in any of these subjects or in Modern History or Economic History. There are vacancies in both Grades II and III. The salary scales are at present under review and are expected to be as follows: Grade II—£700 to £850 per annum: Grade III—£600 to £650 per annum. Applications should be sent not later than June 8, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

AUSTRALIA—University of New England. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in German. Salary will be fixed according to qualifications within the range £A1,200-£A1,750 per annum, plus cost of living allowance of, at present, £A70 per annum (Males) and £A53 per annum (Females). Provision is made for superannuation and for the payment of fares and removal expenses. Conditions of appointment and further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications will close, in Australia and London, on July 1, 1957.

THE Cumberland Council of Social Service invite applications for the appointment of a Full-time Secretary—Salary £850 × £30—£1,200, plus travelling expenses and subsistence allowances. Contributory Pension Scheme. Candidates should be under 50 years of age—Must have administrative and organising experience, hold a current driving licence and be willing to undertake evening duties. Previous experience of Social Work, Degree or Diploma in Social Science an advantage, but not essential. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Cumberland Council of Social Service, 41 King Street, Penrith, Cumberland, to whom they must be returned not later than June 15, 1957.

NORTHUMBERLAND County Council. Children's Visitors. Applications are invited for appointments as Children's Visitors (3 vacancies). Candidates should possess a Social Science Certificate, the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or similar qualifications. Experience in boarding-out, family case-work, Court procedure and adoptions will be an advantage. The salary will be in accordance with A.P.T. Grade I of the National Scale of Salaries, i.e., £543 5s. per annum rising by annual increments of £20 10s. to £625 5s. per annum for a 38-hour week. Overtime paid, and a car provided. The appointments will be subject to the Local Government Superannuation Acts, 1937 to 1953, to the Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Administrative, Professional, Technical and Clerical Services, as adopted by the County Council, to two calendar months' notice on either side, and the successful candidates will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications which should be endorsed "Children's Visitor" stating age, present and previous appointments, qualifications and experience, and the names of three referees, to be delivered to the Children's Officer, 12 City Road, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1, not later than May 25, 1957.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Senior Child Care Officers. Applications are invited for two new posts of Senior Child Care Officer, APTD. III. Both the persons appointed must be trained social workers with experience in a local authority Children's Department, and capable of supervising work of other staff. One will also be required to give a proportion of her time to the training of students in case work, and should possess a qualification in mental health, applied social studies, or the equivalent. Scheme of Conditions of Service for APT. and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than May 27, 1957. Canvassing forbidden.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA—Canberra University College. Applications are invited for appointment to the post of Lecturer in Economic History. Salary range: £A1,224-£A1,774 p.a. Salary within the range will be determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the applicant. Annual increments are £70. Further particulars, conditions of appointment, and the summary form which must accompany applications, may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on June 15, 1957.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Child Care Officers. Applications are invited from men and women for appointment as Child Care Officers, APTD. I-II. Commencing salary not less than £609 17s. 6d. for suitably qualified candidates. Duties include visiting of children's homes, boarding out (male officers particularly concerned with boarding out and supervision of older boys), and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Scheme of Conditions of Service for APT. and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than May 27, 1957. Canvassing forbidden.

DERBYSHIRE County Council. Psychiatric Social Worker required to work with the Consultant Children's Psychiatrist and Senior Educational Psychologist in connection with the Authority's Child Guidance Service and Hostels for maladjusted children. Whitley conditions of service and salary (£495 × £15—£510 × £20—£550 × £25—£750). Superannuation. Particulars and application forms obtainable from Dr. J. B. S. Morgan, County Medical Officer, County Offices, St. Mary's Gate, Derby.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Warden (male or female, with suitable quals. & exper.) reqd. at Heatham House Youth Centre, Twickenham. Centre for cultural & recreational activities, with membership of 300-400 drawn from Youth organisations. Salary APT. I, £543 5s. to £625 5s. p.a. plus London Weighting. Established. 44hr. wk., including evening & week-end work. One full day p. wk. free. Prescribed conditions. Application forms & further particulars from Borough Education Officer, Education Office, 69 The Green, Twickenham, Middx. returnable by May 31 (Quote V.153, N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Psychiatric Social Worker (full-time) reqd. initially for Edmonton Child Guidance Centre & Clinic. Established post subject to medical assessment & prescribed conditions. P.T.A. qualifications & Salary. This post is the second in the expanding service of this Centre which has recently been opened. Application forms (stmpd. add. env. from Borough Education Officer, Brettenham Road, Edmonton, N.18, returnable by June 19 (Quote V.120, N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

CORPORATION of the City of Aberdeen. Children's Department. Applications are invited for the post of Child Care Officer. The salary scale for the post is £595, rising by annual increments of £15 to £640 per annum. Applicants should be 28 years of age; for applicants of 25 years of age the salary scale is £565, rising by annual increments of £15 to £640 p.a. Candidates should possess the Diploma in Social Science or hold an equivalent qualification. The appointment is superannuable and subject to the passing of a medical examination. Applications, giving full details of qualifications and experience, together with a copy of two recent testimonials and the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be lodged with the Children's Officer, 150 Bon-Accord Street, Aberdeen, before May 31, 1957.

FIRST-Class secretary, perfect sh./typing, with ability and initiative, for theatre & film group. Experience in script writing & other aspects of theatre and film management and production an advantage. Progressive position, part-time or full-time. Central London. Write fully, stating age, salary and experience. Box 2583.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WANTED: National Organiser to work chiefly in Southern Counties with centre in London. Public speaker under 40, with definite vocation to teach total abstinence. Application form from General Secretary, U.K. Band of Hope Union, Hope House, 45 Great Peter St., London, S.W.1.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Assistant Supervisor of Children's Homes. Applications invited from suitably qualified women for post of Assistant Supervisor of Children's Homes, APTD.-I-II. Duties include care work with children in homes, and preference will be given to candidates with a university qualification in Child Care or Social Science. Experience of residential work with children an advantage. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes, Devon. Wanted for September, master or mistress to teach Mathematics in the Senior School (coeducational, 13-18). Preferably unmarried man or woman willing to assist with house duties. The post offers wide scope and the possibility of many other activities to those interested in the progressive school movement. The School will be under new headship in September: write in the first instance to the Heads elect, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. T. Child, 3 North Hill, London, N.6.

JEWISH Fresh Air Home and School, Delamere, Cheshire. 40 Delicate Children ages 6 to 12. (Recognised by Min. of Education) 14 miles Chester, 30 miles Manchester, 25 miles Liverpool. Deputy Headmistress required end of August; insight into problems of delicate children, whose difficulties in some cases are increased by educational retardation. Music or Nature Study or Gardening or Crafts an advantage. Small classes. Burnham Scale for Special Schools, plus board residence in return for out-of-school duties; excellent staff accommodation. Apply, stating age, qualifications and experience, with copies of testimonials, to Miss Langdon, Hon. Secretary, Atlow Mount, Bury Old Rd., Manchester, 8.

FIRCROFT College. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Resident Tutor (man) in English Literature and Language. Present salary £550 to £700, with the opportunity to increase to £1,250. Further details and application forms from the Warden, Fircroft College, Birmingham 29.

MULBERRY Bush School, Standlake, Nr. Witney. (Special School for Maladjusted Children—primary age—fully recognised by the Ministry of Education.) Required for September qualified assistant master of 3 years' experience at least. Applicants should be interested in activity methods, able to teach basic subjects with enthusiasm and willing to prepare lessons carefully and discuss and develop their work in relation to therapy. They will be part of a treatment team. Salary Burnham Scale for Special Schools, plus board and lodging in return for limited extraneous duties. Apply by letter to Principal giving full details.

THE Royal National Institute for the Blind, Chorleywood College (for girls with little or no sight), Chorleywood, Herts. Required in September, a resident Assistant Mistress to teach German throughout the school to Advanced level, and to teach elementary typing. Previous experience with the blind not expected. Burnham Scale plus Special School increments. Apply to the Headmistress.

NORFOLK Education Committee. Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of Branch Librarian to take charge of the Fakenham Branch Library. Salary Grade A.P.T. I-II, according to qualifications and experience. Those who have recently applied in response to a previous advertisement need not reapply. Forms of application from the undersigned to be returned within 14 days of the date of this advertisement. F. Lincoln Ralphs, Chief Education Officer.

SECRETARY & Personal Assistant to Personnel Manager of Glacier Metal Co., Ltd. Challenging post for young woman who can handle heavy administrative load as well as being good secretary. Work includes usual secretarial duties, maintaining confidential files, some statistical work, appointments, etc. Age 25 to 35; training in Social Sciences useful; experience in industry, pref. in personnel work. Monthly paid. Salary to start £475 to £525 p.a. Personnel Manager Ref. 809), Glacier Metal Co., Ltd., Ealing Road, Wembley, Middx.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

READING Education Committee. Children's Hostel, 2 St Peter's Hill, Caversham. Resident Woman Assistant required to commence duty in September. The hostel accommodates twelve children (girls and boys) who attend local schools. It is administered in co-operation with the Child Guidance Clinic. Salary scale: £348 10s. × £15 7s. 6d. —£394 12s. 6d. per annum, less £115 16s. 6d. per annum for board, lodging, etc. An additional payment may be made for approved qualifications. Forms and particulars may be obtained from Dr. Ella Ward, Child Guidance Clinic, 27 Kidmore Road, Caversham, Reading. Completed applications must be returned to Dr. Ward within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. P. S. Taylor, Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Blagrave Street, Reading.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Resident Supervisor required at Remand Home for 40 boys (Junior and Senior) at Boyles Court, Brentwood. Duties include supervision of boys' occupations (including gardening), and leisure activities and generally assist with the running of the Home. Salary scale £461 5s. × £15 7s. 6d.—£522 15s. 0d. less £115 16s. 6d. emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

WORKERS' Educational Association, Northern District. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor in Trade Union Studies for work in connection with the Tyneside trade union pilot scheme. Knowledge of Economics, Industrial Relations and the Trade Union Movement desirable. Salary scale £550-£1,050. Application form from: W.E.A., 51 Grainger Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1. Closing date for applications, May 31, 1957.

WORLD Union for Progressive Judaism seeks a whole-time Executive Officer. Progressive religious convictions essential, also organising experience and interest in international Jewish relations. Apply, The Red Lodge, 51 Palace Court, London, W.2, stating salary & experience.

PERSONAL Secretary to Editor, British Medical Journal, required beginning of June. Good shorthand-typing. Salary according to experience and qualifications. Annual increments. Knowledge of medical terms not essential. Write before May 24 giving details of age, education, shorthand-typing speeds and experience, and name two referees, to Editor, British Medical Journal, B.M.A. House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

PERSONAL Secretary to Assistant Editor, British Medical Journal, required beginning July. Age under 25. Starting salary about £400. Annual increments. Knowledge of medical terms not essential. Write before May 31, stating age, education, shorthand-typing experience and abilities, names of two referees, to Assistant Editor, British Medical Journal, B.M.A. House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

IRVING Theatre reqs. part-time Typist from 9-2. Salary £4. Ring WHI. 8657.

LONDON Region Youth Hostels, Ltd., invite applications for the post of Regional Secretary. Candidates should have management experience preferably in a voluntary organisation and some knowledge of the Youth Hostels Association. Apply, urgently, giving brief details of previous career and salary to the Chairman, Y.H.A., 4 Playhouse Yard, E.C.4.

EXP. Secretary. Interesting job literary agency and other projects. TEM. 8951.

EDUCATED women wanted as temporary typists and shorthand-typists with a variety of excellent firms and public organisations. Short hours and highest salaries. Callers only. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2. (LONdon Wall 4609.)

THE Council of Industrial Design requires a Senior Clerk (woman) with some typing, good G.C.E. Starting salary according to age £9 8s at 26 or over. Hours 9.15/5.30 Monday-Friday, one Saturday morning in five. Three weeks' holiday. Temporary secretary also required for five months, same salary. Write details of age, education and posts held with dates to The Establishment Officer, 28 Haymarket, S.W.1. TRAfalgar 8000.

RESPONSIBLE Woman Clerk required for keeping records. Must have initiative, be able to type, and draft own letters. Over 40's considered. Also an Assistant to above. Apply Secretary, Jewish Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex Street, Bishopsgate, E.1. (Shortly moving to W.1.)

NORMAN House requires young, single, prospective or experienced social worker (male) as resident Assistant to Warden in work with discharged prisoners in North London. Consideration given to applicants seeking short-term appointment. Salary according to qualifications. Write Box 2542.

SHORTHAND Typist/Clerk (Finance Department) required for Westminster District. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £9 14s. rising to £10 4s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 2539.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. on p. 654

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HEAL & Son, Ltd., require an Assistant (Female) to the Buyer of their Crafts Department with experience of display and selling. Interesting position for the right person. Apply by letter to the Staff Officer, 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

SECRETARY Shorthand-Typist, age 25-35, required for book trade executive. Interesting work, good salary, prospects. Holiday this year. Apply Box 2621.

SHT. Typists for interesting work, weekly or by hour or day. GER. 0163.

WEDDED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists, partially housebound, yearning to earn, can collect 32s. per day 10-5, £8 for 30-hour week; more hours, more pay, from Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

EXPERIENCED sales manager with fine record required to organise sales of new household and stationery articles and toys. A progressive position with rapidly expanding firm in London. Write fully, stating age, experience & salary required. Box 2591.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

PERSONNEL manager (now non-political but victim of youthful indiscretion) seeks sympathetic consideration for employment. Capable and experienced. Box 2387.

YOUNG man (22) requires interesting post. Conscientious, frank and hard-working. French and both shorthands. Box 2422.

WOMAN graduate (40's) wants part-time work (approx. 9 mths. in year). Free after Sept. Prefers S.E. counties. Exp. research, editorial, typing. Box 2141.

FRENCH grad. (f), fluent English, seeks employment summer months: Teaching, coaching, translations. Box 2549.

WOMAN A.R.C.A. teacher seeks post abroad, asst. governess/comp. Box 2508.

COUNTRYMAN with belated desire to do a useful thing for life invites suggestions. Human or animal connections. Rural. Home/Abroad. Box 2643.

APPEALS Organiser available, recently raised over £12,000 for National Charity. Exper. in forming local Committees. Full-time vol. services offered to similar body. Exps. only reqd. POLlards 1471 (London).

SCHOLARSHIPS

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Research Scholarships. Applications are invited from post-graduate students with capacity for research for scholarships in Anthropology and Sociology, Demography, Economics including Economic History and Economic Statistics, Geography, Australian History, Far Eastern History (China and Japan—a substantial knowledge of the relevant language is a pre-requisite), Pacific History, International Relations, Law, Political Science including Public Administration, Philosophy, Political and Social Philosophy, and Statistics including Mathematical Statistics. The scholarships are tenable for an initial period of two years and may be extended for a third year. Scholars will be expected to enrol for a Ph.D. degree, and to commence their studies in September, 1957. The present value of a scholarship is £A771 per annum. Married scholars with dependent children may be granted additional allowances, and the University will make a contribution not exceeding £stg.165 towards a scholar's fares to Canberra from the United Kingdom, and the same amount towards his return fare. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the undersigned or from the Secretary, The Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications should be lodged with the undersigned by May 31, 1957. R. A. Hohnen, Registrar, Box 4, G.P.O., Canberra, A.C.T., Australia.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, having recently been endowed with two Entrance Scholarships of £40 per annum each, tenable for seven years from 1957, invites parents to apply for particulars to the Headmaster.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"LABOUR Monthly" for May: "Eye-Witness in Kerala" (D. N. Pritt, Q.C.—sole European present at swearing-in of newly-elected Communist Government); "Class Strategy" (R. Page Arnot); "Israel" (S. Mikunis); "The Fight for Disarmament" (Quaestor); Labour Councillors in Labour Discussion Forum. 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

PSIONICS—a science of the future? This extraordinary phenomenon is discussed further in the June issue of "Astounding Science Fiction," the world's most widely read magazine of its kind—intended strictly for intelligent adult minds. 1s. 9d. from your newsagent or 2s. by post from Atlas Publishing & Distributing Co., Ltd., 18 Bride Lane, London, E.C.4.

THIS English! Are you in a "mass-org."? Do you have "affairs"? Read "Life-itselfmanship" by Decca Treuhaft—the low-down on Left jargon, wickedly illustrated by Pele. 1s. 3d. post free from E. Marks, 63 Chestnut Avenue, London, E.17, or Central Books, 2 Parton Street, W.C.1.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht. R. & E. Steiner, 64, Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

SOVIET Information Bulletins. History, IV, I—Discussion on distortions, etc., in history of aviation. Medical IV, I—Conditioned-Reflex Sleep; Obstetrics; Health Resorts; Public Health. Science IV, I—Discussion on Biology: election of Academy President; Semi-conducting Thermoelectric Installations. Each 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

THE Nation, America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

"THE Linguist," the language monthly for experts and beginners, includes "Typical Conversations" in seven languages, "Pages for Practice," "Translator's Commentary," articles, book reviews, etc., 17s. yearly. Spec. copy 1s. 3d. from The Linguist (N.S.), 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

UNITARIANISM. What is it? Write Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

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"THE Humanist" is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, "Living with Reality," and Bertrand Russell's "Faith of a Rationalist," free. R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, W.C.2.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

WORKERS' International Review. Special Communist Party crisis issue. 1s. from S. S. Bornstein, 21 Sidney Street, E.1.

SCHOOLS

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-education, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

KING Alfred School (F.1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, N.W.11.

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STADDLES, Chute Lodge, Nr. Andover. Boys' Prep School in lovely country surroundings, modernised manston. Excellent food. Recognised by Min. of Education.

BROOMBANK School, Selsey, Sussex. Sound education with special facilities for music and art. Brochure free. Selsey 2774.

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THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2-3.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills, 750ft.) Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A. (Oxon).

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ST. John's Wood. Furn. flat not S.C. Div./sit. rm., kit./din. rm., bathrm. & W.C. Own tel. 6gns. 1-2 ladies or married cple. Box 2612.

HOLIDAYS in London. Available in South London suburb during period June 15-Sept. 15, pleasant south-facing furnished room with 2 divans, dressing-room with h. & c., also self-contained kitchen. Rent £5 per week, minimum one week. Box 2344.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63, Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 85s. partial board. Applic. forms & information. Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

EAST Finchley. Two excellent new dec. rooms in graduate household. Cooking facils., linen, use b. and tel. TUDor 8425.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

CHELSEA Studio to let furn. Vac. May 19. View now. Suit writer or professional man or woman. Rent of £30 per calendar month includes morning service, & el. lt. No linen. Apply Housekeeper, 55 Oakley Street, or 'phone mornings FLAxman 5645.

THREE furnished flats, newly decorated, recently converted, 3gns., 5gns., 6gns. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

SMALL 1-room flatlet (no separate kitchen) nr. Baker St. £3 5s. Tel. (week-ends or after 4 during week) HAMpstead 8109.

N.7. Furn. flat 7 rms. 9gns. NOR. 1441. Box 2572.

BLOOMSBURY. Elegant ground-floor 2-rmd. S/C flat to let furn. in newly converted Adams house. Frig. 9½gns. TER. 4370.

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FOUR Furn. Flats to let this district. 3, 4, 6 and 8 gns.—L.A.B., GER. 9050.

TO Let: Furn. hse. Highgate. July 8 to end Aug. accommodate min. 8 persons. Ideally suitable family with children. 28 Great North Road, N.6. FIT. 0877.

DULWICH. Lge. div. room with contemp. furn. & splendid view. Ckg. fac. & hidden sink. Use tel. & bath. FOR. 1374.

RICHMOND 0396. Semi- or furnished flatlets, with kitchenettes, Richmond and Kensington. Constant hot water, garden.

LARGE double bed-sit. room, use kitchen, bath, tel. GLA. 8254.

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WELL-furn. sgle. bed-sit., modern, clean, quiet house. Const. h.w. HAM. 8698.

LGE. sgle. furn. rm., N. Lond. Use tel., linen, bath, etc. Ck. fcs. STA. 5085.

HAMPSTEAD Gdn. Sub. Pleas. dble. div.-r., h. & c., ck. fac., gdn. SPE. 6744.

UNIVERSITY lecturer's s/c garden flat, Hampstead, available July-August, possibly bit longer. Box 2544.

N.W.8. B/S., tel., use kit., refrig. Bathrm., C.H., £3 3s. Lady only. Box 2481.

SECLUDED position Norfolk coast, furn. holiday accommodations for 4, 6 & 8 persons to July 27, 89, King St., Norwich.

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GOWER Coast. Superb situation. Modernised flat. Sleep 3/4. Garage. June-July 27 and Sept. Moderate. Janes, Nicholaston Hall, Penmaen, Gower.

LAMORNA: on separate & secluded sites, a 2-berth & a 4-berth van, fully equipped. Some vacancies, May, June, September. Gibbs, Lamorna, Penzance.

ALDEBURGH 4 mls. Acc. vac. Modnsd. Cot. Suit wom. writer or sim. Box 2521.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

HORNSEY Islington. Yg. prof. wom. sks. pt./furn. acc. Wd. share. Box 2593.

CANADIAN Business executive and family require 2/3-bedroomed furnished flat for 1 year. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

PROFESSIONAL couple (British) living Amsterdam require small modern flat in London for August. Box 2482.

DOCTOR & wife seek furnished/unfurnished flat, 3 rooms from July. Easy reach W.1. WEL. 5415.

WELSH, Devon, Cornish coasts. Furn. bungalow reqd. rent, Aug.-Sept. Albinson, Paddock Lane, Dunham Massey, Ches.

ARCHITECT parents with four children aged 7-13 want cottage near village with boats or riding. August 18-September 1. No mod. cons. necessary. Field, 24 The Little Boltons, London, S.W.10.

ENG. Bus. Cple., quiet, mid-aged, no childrn., sk. fur. flat. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

E. SUSSEX. To let August to March, charming Architect-designed bungalow. Perfect surroundings in own 20 acres. 3 bed., 1 rep., sun room, bath, kitchen, garage, services. Box 2637.

OXFORD 12 miles. Converted cottage in private grounds to let furn., long or shorter let. 2 recep., 3 bed., k. & b., main water and elec. Garage. Daily help. 5gns. a week. Box 2514.

YOUNG professional couple urgently seek furnished/unfurnished flat, pref. N.W. Box 2519.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

FOREST of Dean. Small semi-det. house, most conv., bathroom. £850. Box 2653.

GAMEKEEPER'S Cottage, N. Devon. Thatch. Much charm, few amenities. £950. View Whit. Cook, 33a Strawberry Hill Rd., Twickenham

PROPERTIES FOR SALE—continued

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SX. Village, Nr. Hastings, Rye, Winchelsea. Recommd. holiday accom. 3/4 adults brkfst., evening dinner. 6 gns. All summer. Edhouse, Church Meadow, Pett.

ENJOY your 1957 Holiday at Oakhurst Hotel, The Ridge, Hastings. Relax in beautiful surroundings. Enjoy good food and companionship. Brochure.

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LITTLE Bardfield Hall Hotel, nr. Braintree, Essex. Beautiful Tudor Manor House standing in 21 acres fine gardens & grounds. Excel. cuisine, own farm produce, every modern comfort. Fully licensed.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr. Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6/7gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Pentallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 196.

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Hornet. Phone 211. 12 mls. Eastbourne. Wooded grnds. Everything home-made. From 6gns.

DO you seek a stay in attrac. cottage with gdn., lovely walks, continental food? You find it 40 mls. London 7½gns. p.w. Vacancies from May 15. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Rd., Hindhead. Tel. 548.

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BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns., putting grn. Garages. Superlative food. Apr. 7½gns. Summer 9-11gns.

ST. CORNWALL. A few guests welcomed during June in comf. priv. house overlkg estuary. Tudy's Close, Rosehill, Fowey.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac, Carnhaven Guest House. Unobstructed sea view. H. & c. Slumberlands. Exc. food, comf. g'teed. Farm prod. Bus tours daily. 6½-8 gns. Brochure.

MOUNTAIN Holiday in Welsh farmhouse. H. & c. Vacancies mid-June/mid-July. 5½ gns. Parker, Gellilas, Llanbedr, Merioneth.

CUMBERLAND. Cottage on fell. Mod. cons. 2-3 holiday guests welcomed. Quietness and comfort. Box 2657.

SNOWDONIA. Trefriw. Lovely country, lakes, good centre. Modern comfort, first-class personal attention. 4/5 guests only. 6gns. (July and August 7 gns.) Box 2656.

BARCELONA, accommodation available in Spanish homes and pensions, extremely low terms from £2-£5 weekly. Travel and visas arranged if desired. For full details write Box 460 Caledonian Rd., N.7.

AUBERGE du Vieux Moulin, Menetou-Salon, Indre, France. Peace, sunshine, good cooking. 8,000 frcs. pr. week incl.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

SUMMER Film School, British Film Institute. August 16-30, Eastbourne. Attractive lecturing, film and film-making programme. Comfortable single room accommodation. Brochure from: B.F.I., 4 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. COVent Garden 2801.

HOLIDAYS with a Purpose. Enjoy a good holiday and improve your knowledge of French, German, Italian or Spanish at the same time! Details of Language Study Courses and House Party Holidays in Britain, Switzerland and Austria, from Erna Low, 47 (HP) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

HOLIDAY with Music. Wortley Hall, Aug. 24-31. Composition, Choral, Vocal, Instrumental, Jazz and Folk Music Courses. Prosps.: W.M.A., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 6 to Sept. 13, 1957. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners are welcomed. Book for a week, a fortnight or longer. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance.

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PERSONAL

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INTELLIGENT woman writer with flair for "finding out" will undertake research on all subjects at reasonable cost. Box 2405.

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PERSONAL—continued

BELGIAN gentleman, 40, wishes to stay 3 weeks, between July 1-Aug. 15, with family as paying guest, to improve his English by conversation and private lessons—London or elsewhere. Please write: Gillet, 35 Avenue Sleutelplas, Bruxelles.

MUSICIANS on Continental tour offer car seats. Exps. June 4-28. PARk 9366.

MILAN. American couple with 2 children ages 16 months and 4½ years, living centre Milan, seek English University girl to work as mother's help in return for room/board and pocket money, much personal freedom. Interview possible London week June 3-9. Write Mr. Hunt, 7 Parc de Montretout, St. Cloud, Seine et Oise, France.

CAMBRIDGE graduate offers 3 seats in car for 3 wks. summer tour. Box 2388.

CAP. yng. wm. exp. backwd. chldrn. reqs. job last 2 wks. July. Abroad. Box 2434.

WANTED, three months abroad this coming winter. Educated woman (pleasant and presentable) offers £5 5s. weekly and capable friendly assistance. Box 2343.

PERUGIA. Girl student travelling July 29 would like companion (f) or would join party. Box 2085.

RIVIERA. 2 seats available A. 40, £10 each ret. June 29, 2 weeks. Box 2596.

ARCHITECT seeks share driving, expenses (and holiday), mixed car party going leisurely France/Italy/Spain July or August 3 weeks. Box 2530.

S.O.S. I am 2. My parents go out to work and my Nannie is getting married. Help wanted. Deborah Carlton, 62 Elgin Mansions, Maida Vale, W.9. CUN. 3454.

WOULD Widow or similar (son aged 9-11 boarding school an advantage) like to share charming cottage near Winchester with lady, son boarding school? Box 2636.

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PARIS flat available in exchange London acc. Summer months. Box 2437.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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